JUKE

·THE·MUSIC·MAGAZINE·

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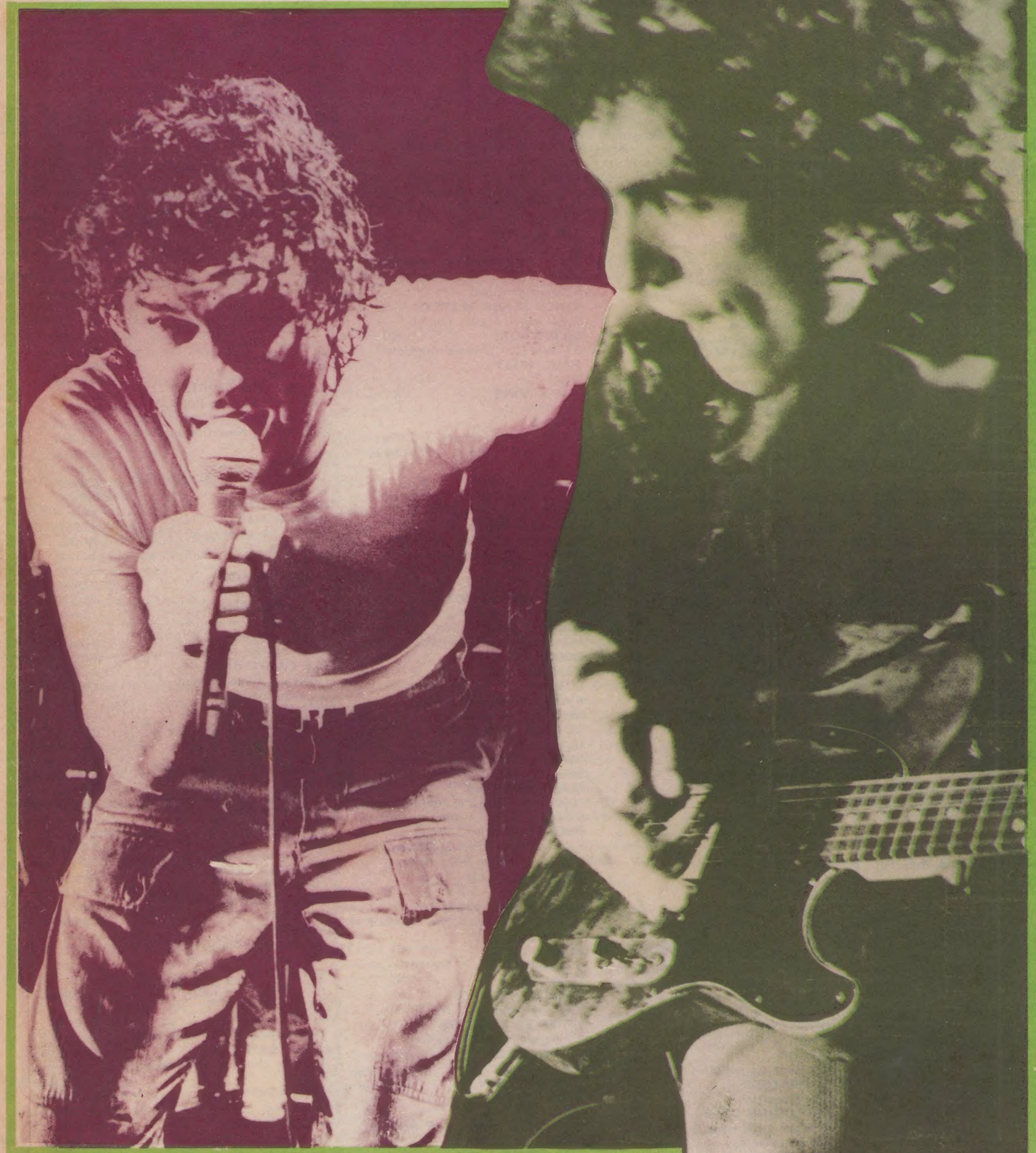
PLUS: Rainbow, Ray Davies, UB40, Stevie Wright, Bryan Adams, Comsat Angels, Annabel Lamb .... and more



COLD CHISEL: The Circus Leaves Town

REVIEWED:
Moving Pictures/Dragon/ Choirboys/ Expression/No Nonsense

JUKE — THE MUSIC MAGAZINE — Top Gigs

RICK SPRINGFIELD

November 6: Festival Hall, Brisbane; 9: Entertainment Centre, Sydney; 10: Festival Hall, Melbourne; 15: Apollo Stadium, Adelaide.

GUN CLUB

October 1: Seaview Ballroom; 2: Melbourne Uni; 4: ANU, Canberra; 5,6: Trade Union Club, Sydney; 7: Manly Vale Hotel, Sydney; 8: Miranda Hotel, NSW; 9: Variety Club, Brisbane.

MELISSA MANCHESTER

November 22, 23, 24, 25, 26: Hilton Hotel, Adelaide; 29, 30, December 1, 2: Twin Towns Services Club; December 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: Hilton Hotel, Sydney; 13, 14, 15, 16, 17: Hilton Hotel, Melbourne.

DAVID BOWIE

November 5, 6: Entertainment Centre, Perth; 9: Adelaide Oval; 12: VFL Park Waverley, Melbourne; 16: Lang Park, Brisbane; Sydney T.B.A.

DURAN DURAN

November 16: Entertainment Centre, Sydney; 19: Festival Hall, Brisbane; 22: Sports And Entertainments Centre, Melbourne; 24: Memorial Drive, Adelaide; 27: Entertainment Centre, Perth.

The Juke National Gig Guide is a comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right around Australia.

The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke no later than 10 a.m. on Thursday mornings for the following week's gigs (Monday-Sunday).

They can be posted, or telephoned to Linda Packham on (03) 60-0421, ext. 2064. Listings can also be telexed to Juke on AA30331 or AA30376.

VIC

AIRFORCE
7 Billboard
AIRPLAY
5 Mentone Girls High School, 7 De Marco's
AMAZING FLAMES
7 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 8 Ritchies
AUSSIE MAYO
3 Central Club, 7 St Kilda F.C., 8 Centre Club, Morwell
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
6 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel, Park Hotel, 9 Dorset Gardens Hotel
CASH BACKMAN
6, 8 Spurs, Moorabbin, 7 Spurs, Campbellfield
BILLY BAXTER
6 Creole CLub, Shakespeare Hotel
BEGGARMAN THIEF
4 Central Club, 8 Westernport Hotel, San Remo
BIG BANG COMBO
7 Prince of Wales Hotel
BODHAN
3 The Venue
BOO BOO
5 Le Tote, 7 Central Club
THE BOSCH
7 Centre Club, Morwell, 8 Manhattan Hotel
BRAVE MEN
6 John Barleycorn Hotel
BREATHING IN BREATHING OUT
6 Prince of Wales
BULL TERROR
5 Central Club
BUSHWACKERS
6 La Fontana, Horsham
CARGO CULT
6 Venetian Room
CASABLANCA
8 Sundowner Hotel, Seaford
RUSS CASTLEMAN
7 Grand Hotel, Mornington, 8 Hugo's, Dandenong.
P.C. CAULTON & THE PICKUPS
6, 8 Spurs, Campbellfield, 7 Spurs, Moorabbin
GREG CHAMPION
5 Armadale Hotel, 6 Hatters Castle, 7 London Tavern, 8 Argo Inn (with Brent Parlane), 9 One-C-One, Carlton
CHANTILLY
8 Commercial Hotel, South Morang
CHEERIO CLUB
3 The Venue
CHOIR BOYS
9 Sports & Entertainment Centre
COBBERS
5 Dan O'Connell Hotel, 7, 8 Sky High Rest, Mt Dandenong
COLD CHISEL
9, 10, 11, 12 Sports & Entertainment Centre
COVER-UP
6 The Roxy, 7, 8 Grainstore Tavern
CRAZY WEATHER
5 Uno Arriba, 7 Prince of Wales Hotel
CRUSHED BUZZARDS
8 Duke of York Hotel
DARKCIDE
4 Brougham Hotel, 5 Pinks, 7 Whitehorse Hotel, Bendigo, 8 Northern Hotel
DEALER'S CHOICE
6 Sydenham Hotel (free)
DEAR ENEMY
4 Frankston State College, 5 Village Green, 6 Centre Club, Morwell, 7 Billboard, 8 London Tavern
DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD
4 Frankston Teachers College, 5 Grainstore Tavern, 6 Prince of Wales Hotel, 7 London Tavern, 8 Venetian Room, 9 The Club
DRIFTERS
9 Portsea Hotel
EILDON
5 Green Lantern Coffee Lounge
EL PREZZOS
5 La Trobe Uni.
EXPLODING CATS
7 Prospect Hill Hotel, 8 The Venue, 9 Dorset Gardens
EVIL DEAD
3 The Venue
FINE LINE
7 Cricketers Arms
FIRST KIND
6 Prospect Hill
FIVE ACES
6 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel
FOREIGN INTRIGUE
5 Prince Patrick Hotel, Collingwood, 6 Eltham Hotel
STEPHEN FOSTER BAND
7 Station Hotel
FRENETICS
7 Astradome, Traralgon, 8 Central Club
FRONTLINE
8 Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc
GIMIX
5 Croydon Hotel, 7 Royal Hotel, Fernntree Gully, 8 Beaumaris Hotel
GOANNA
6 Latrobe Uni, 7 RMIT, 8 Manhattan Hotel, 9 Pier Hotel
GRAND WAZOO
6 Jackson Square, Carlton.
GREIG
8 Green Lantern Coffee Lounge
GREIG & JONATHAN
7 Green Lantern Coffee Lounge
THE HAWKS
4 Spurs, Moorabbin
HIGHLITE
6 Dava Hotel,Mt Martha, 8 Altona Working Mens Club
HI-LIFE
6 Duke of Edinburgh Hotel
HONEYMOON IN GREEN
3 Rusden College (lunch)
HOTDOGS
7 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel
IDEAS OF MARCH
6 Venetian Room
THE INCHES
6 Tiger Lounge, 8 Chelsea Hotel
A.P. JOHNSON & BRENDA JOY
5 Sydenham Hotel
VINCE JONES SEXTET
7, 8 Jackson Square, Carlton
JOYCE BORS
5 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel
PAUL KELLY
8 The Club
THE KEVINS
6 La Trobe Uni
KING B
6 Duke of York Hotel, 7 Shakespeare Hotel, 7 Royal Derby Hotel, Brunswick
LE CLUB FOOTE
5 Grainstore Tavern, 6 Marquee, 7 Village Green, 8 The Club
LIQUID ENGINEERS
5 The Venue, 6 Burnley Tavern, 7 Ritchies, 8 Sandown Park Hotel
LISETTE
7 Tower Hotel, Alphington
THE LITTLE HEROES
5 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 6 Eureka Hotel, 7 Ritchies, 8 Armadale Hotel, 9 Prospect Hill.
LOOSE TALK
5 London Tavern
LORDS
6 Williamstown High School, 7 Railyard Hotel, Yarraville
DOUGIE McDONALD & THE G.M.B.
6 La Trobe Uni, 7 St Kilda Inn, 8 Sydenham Hotel, Richmond (arvo).
MACHINATIONS
7 Central Club, 8 The Venue, 9Macy's
MAN FRIDAY
6 Fountain Inn, Port Melbourne, 8 Middle Park Hotel
PAUL MADIGAN
3 The Venue.
MARS NEEDS WOMEN
3, 7 Prospect Hill. 4 The Venue. 6 Central Club.
METRO JETS
6 Dorset Gardens. 7 The Venue. 8 Eureka Hotel.
RUSSELL MORRIS
8 Prospect Hill
NO FIXED ADDRESS
5 Prospect Hill. 8 Village Green.
THE NOIZEZ
8 Tiger Lounge.
ONE ACT PLAY
8 Tiger Lounge
ONES
6 Armadale Hotel. 7, 8 Bombay Rock.
THE OTHER BAND
8 Sydenham Hotel.
PHANTOM BAND
3 Prospect Hill. 4 The Venue. 6 Central Club. 8 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi.
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
3 The Venue. 8 Duke of York Hotel.
BRENT PARLANE BAND
3 Carlton Club (solo). 4 Sockade Hotel. 5 St Andrews Hotel. 7 Lincolnshire Arms (solo). 8 Argo Inn (with Greg Champion).
POO POO & THE BEDWETTERS
3 The Venue.
PSEUDO ECHO
6 Prospect Hill. 8 Macy's.
RANDY & JAH ROOTS
8 Terminus Hotel, Clifton Hill (arvo). 9 St Kilda Inn.
THE REDS
4 Prospect Hill. 7 London Tavern.
RHYTHMATICS
6 Royal Derby Hotel. 7 Aberdeen Hotel. 8 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel.
ROADSTERS
7 Aberdeen Hotel.
ROCK STEADY
3 Billboard. 6 Beaumaris Hotel. 8 Portsea Hotel. 9 Altona Working Mens Club.
ROD & HELEN
5 Green Lantern Coffee Lounge.
ROLL UP ROLL UP
5 Macy's. 7 Grosvenor Hotel. 9 The Club.
ROSS K
9 Green Lantern Coffee Lounge.
RUNNERS
7 Eureka Hotel. 8 Village Green.
SACRED COWBOYS
7 Venetian Room.
SAGE
7 Courthouse Hotel, Footscray.
SAVILLE ROAR
3 Cafe Jammin'
SCAT
6 Hawthorn F.C.
SCIENTISTS
8 Seaview Ballroom.
SCRAP MUSEUM
8 The Venue.
SHAUN & THE FIDDLER
4 Argo Inn, 5 Renown Hotel, 6 Benson's, Richmond, 7 Victoria Hotel, Albert Park, 8 New Orleans Hotel, Sth Yarra
SHERBS
6 Dorset Gardens, 7 Bombay Rock, 8 Eureka Hotel
THE SHUFFLING HUNGARIANS
6 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel
SHOWBIZ
9 Portsea Hotel
WARREN SKEGGS
8 Inverleigh Hotel
BRODERICK SMITH
4 Prospect Hill, 5 Foundary Arms, Bendigo, 6 Billboard, 7 Pier Hotel, 8 Central Club
SOLE TWISTERS
6 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 7 The Club, 8 Bombay Rock
SOUTHERN LIGHTNIN'
6 Creole Club, Shakespeare Hotel, 8 John Barleycorn Hotel
spaniards
7 Prospect Hill, 8 Bombay Rock
STEWIE
6 Green Lantern Coffee Lounge
STONEY CREEK
5 Spurs, Moorabbin
STUDIO
8 Victoria Hotel, Albert Park
SUBURBAN PROWL
8 Chelsea Hotel
SUPERB CREME CARAMEL
3 The Venue
SURROUND
7 Kirkpatrick's Hotel, 8 Dava Hotel, Mt Martha
SURVIVAL
6 Nth Melb. F.C., 7 Kryal Castle, Ballarat, 8 De Marco's
SWANEE
4 Tattersalls Hotel, Warrnambool
TANSEY'S FANCY
4 Renown Hotel, 5 Warrnambool C.A.E.
TANZMACHINE
8 The Venue
DUTCH TILDERS
8 Bush Inn (arvo), 8 Blush & Stutter Hotel (eve)
TOUR DE FORCE
7 Armadale Hotel, 8 Tarmac Hotel
UNCANNY X-MEN
6 Ritchies, 7 The Venue, 8 Tarmac Hotel
UTOPIA ROAD
6 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully, 8 Criterion Hotel, Trafalgar
VOCALPHOBIA
4 Macy's
LEE WALKER BAND
6 De Marco's, 7 Beaumaris Hotel, 8 Billboard
TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
6 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi, 7 Main Hotel, Bairnsdale, 8 Station Hotel
GLENN WAVERLEY & THE MENTONES
8 Great Britain Hotel (arvo), 8 Renown Hotel (late)
X PORTS
7 Bombay Rock, 8 Prospect Hill
X-SALTBUSH
7 Sydneyham Hotel
YOU BETCHA
7 Portsea Hotel
ZARSOFF BROS.
4 Lincoln Inst., 5 Burwood College, 6 Welshpool Hotel, 7 The Venue, 8 Billboard, 9 Prospect Hill

NSW

ABBEY ROAD
5 Lavington Sports Club, 6 Cootamundra Country Club, 7 Yoogali Club, Griffith, 8 Sportsmans Hotel, Deniliquin
AGENTS
6 Manzil Room, 8 Governors Pleasure
ALCAN ZEPHYR
5 Eastwood Hotel. 6 Bayview Tavern, 8 Marlin Hotel, Ulladulla
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
3 Penrith Leagues
BEATNIKS
4 Family Inn, 5 Cronulla Workers
BEL-AIRES
6 Bondi Tram, 7 Sheilas, 8 Mona Vale Hotel
BIG RED TRACTOR
7 Tivoli
BIRDS OF PREY
4 War & Peace, 6 Caringbah Inn, 7 Cabbage Tree Hotel, 8 Long Jetty Hotel
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
8 Manzil Room
BOSS
5 Tivoli, 7 Mittagong R.S.L.
BULLAMAKANKA
3 Orange Ex-Services Club
BUSHWACKERS
3 Settlers Arms Hotel
JOE CASEY
9 The Clock, Surry Hills
CELIBATE RIFLES
7 Mosman Hotel, 8 Tivoli
THE CHAMPIONS
4 New York Tavern, 5 Greenfield Tavern, 6 Mona Vale Hotel, 8 Sydney Cove Tavern
NASH CHASE
7 Riverwood Hotel
CLEEN CUT
7 The Clock, Surry Hills
COCKROACHES
5 Greenfield Tavern, 8 Caringbah Inn
COUNTRY PLUS
8 Tennyson Hotel, Mascot
CUCKOOS
6 Mosman Hotel, 8 Harold Park Hotel, 9 Tivoli Theatre
CYCLONES
7 Greengate Hotel
CYRIL B. BUNTER
7 Stardust Hotel, 8 Dapto Leagues
DEE MINOR & THE DISCHORDS
6 War & Peace
DIGITS
4 Byron Bay Services
DIVINYLS
7, 8, 9 Tivoli
DIVISION FOUR
8 Strawberry Hills Hotel
DROPBEARS
4 Lismore R.S.L., 6 Dee Why Hotel, 7 Sydney Trade Union Club, 8 Basser College, N.S.W. Uni., 9 Penrith Leagues
PAT DRUMMOND
5 Collector Tavern, 6 Belfield Hotel (with Skool Daze), 7 Rest Hotel, 8 Basser College, N.S.W. Uni
DYNAMIC DUO
4 Miranda Hotel, 5 Student Prince, Camperdown, 6 T.K.'s, Miranda, 7 Blacktown Inn
DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
5 Sydney Uni., 6 Sheilas, 7 Balmain Leagues, 8 Sydney Cove Tavern
EAST END
7 Campbelltown Leagues, 9 St George Budapest Soccer Club
ELECTRIC PANDAS
6 Strawberry Hill Hotel, 8 Sydney Cove Tavern, 9 Caringbah Inn
JON ENGLISH & THE FOSTER BROS.
4 Yoogali Club, Griffith, 5 Young Services & Citizens Club, 6 Parkes Leagues, 7, 8 Revesby Workers, 9 Caringbah Inn
THE EXPRESSION
7 Greenfield Tavern, 8 Corrimal Leagues
FAULTLINE
7 Sefton Hotel, 9 Concord R.S.L.
FICTION ROMANCE
7 City Art Inst., Paddington
FOREVER FIFTEEN
5 Cronulla Workers, 6 Belfield Hotel, 7 Brighton Hotel
RENEE GEYER
7 Caringbah Inn.
GOLDRUSH
8 Palais Royale, Newcastle.
GROOVEYARD
5 Strawberry Hill Hotel. 7 Players.
GUN CLUB
4 A.N.U. Canberra. 5, 6 Sydney Trade Union Club. 7 Manly Vale Hotel. 8 Miranda Hotel.
HARPER
5 St George Sailing Club. 7 Brighton Hotel.
MARSHALL HARRIS
4 Adams Apple, Caringbah. 6 Croydon Park Hotel. 7 Tourmaline Hotel. 8 Royal Hotel, Paddington.
HOI POLLOI
6 Governors Pleasure. 8 Miranda Hotel.
THE HONEYMOON
5 Ambassador Nightclub. 7 N.S.W. Uni Warrane College.
HOODOO GURUS
5 Illawarra Yacht Club. 7 Manly Vale Hotel. 8 Basser College, NSW Uni.
THE HURT
5 Manzil Room.
ICED VOVOS
6 Mosman Hotel. 7 Windsor Castle.
INNOCENT BUTLERS
5 Mosman Hotel.
INTROVERTS
7 Strawberry Hill Hotel. 8 Caringbah Inn.
I.Q.
6 Sydney Uni.
IVORY COAST
8 New York Tavern.
KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
4 Byron Bay Services.
KILLER
6 Jolly Frog. 7 Dee Why Hotel.
LA BOUCHE
4 Family Inn.
JENNIFER LEE BAND
3 Manzil Room.
LIGHTNING ROCK
4 Selinas.
LIME SPIDERS
8 Miranda Hotel.
LIQUID ENGINEERS
9 Tivoli.
LONELY HEARTS
6 War & Peace.
MACE
7 Blue Gum Hotel.
MALCOLM McCALLUM
5 The Clock, Surry Hills.
MACHINATIONS
4 Doyalson RSL. 6 Wagga C.A.E.
THE MAGNETICS
5 Rozelle Hotel. 6 Bayview Tavern, 7 Eastwood Hotel. 9 Duke of Edinburgh.
MECCANO BOYS
9 Stranded.
MEDIUM COOL
7 Players.
MI-SEX
7 Sefton Hotel, Bankstown Sports Club. 8 Laurieton RSL. 9 Rosebud Soccer Club.
A MONTH OF SUNDAYS
5 The Clock, Surry Hills. 7 Great Northern Hotel, Chatswood. 8 Duke of Edinburgh.
MODELS
4 Byron Bay Services.
MOTHER GOOSE
4 Jolly Roger, 5 Park Beach Hotel
MOVING PARKS
5 Musicians Club, 8 Mona Vale Hotel
MR X
6 Dee Why Hotel, 7 Mosman Hotel, 8 Manzil Room
NIGHTWATCH
7, 8 Clovelly R.S.L.
NON STOP DANCERS
7 Piccadilly Hotel, 8 Hydro Majestic Hotel
NO NONSENSE
4 Doyalson R.S.L. 5 Illawarra Yacht Club, 6 Tivoli, 7 Palais Royale, 8 Family Inn, 9 Avalon R.S.L.
NUMBER ONE
6 Sandringham Hotel, Newtown, 7 Rozelle
VICKI O'KEEFE BAND
7 Blacktown R.S.L., 8 Orange Ex-Services
ONE WORD
6 Tivoli, 7 Greenfield Tavern, 9 Avalon R.S.L.
PARTICLES
7 City Art Inst, Paddington
PARTY BOYS
3 Tivoli, 4 Blue Gum Hotel, 6 Newcastle Workers, 7 Cronulla Workers, 8 Manly Vale Hotel, 9 Auburb Baseball Club
PARTY GIRLS
5 Dee Why Hotel, 6 Riverwood Hotel, 7 Governors Pleasure, 8 Sylvania Hotel, 9 Parkway Hotel
PASSION
5 Selinas, 6 Scandals, Campbelltown
PENGUINS ON SAFARI
8 Whitehorse Inn, St Peters
PLATYPUS
7 Austral Bowling Club
PRIVATE LIVES
8 Players, Paddington Green
QED
5 Manzil Room
RADIO THERAPY
6 New York Tavern
JOHNNY RAYNOR
5 Caringbah Inn
RHYTHM & LACE
5 Greengate Hotel
BRENTON ROBERTS BAND
6 Tathra Hotel, 7 Australia Hotel, Cooma, 8 Civic Hall, Rugby
ROCK D'AMOUR
7 Duke of Edinburgh, 8 Pearly Shells, Moruya
ROSEWOOD
7 Bexley North Hotel, 9 Tennyson Hotel, Mascot
ROUTE 66
7 Mollymook Bowling Club, 8 Berry Hotel
THE RUBES
3 Tivoli, 4 Blue Gum Hotel, 6 Newcastle Workers, 7 Cronulla Workers, 8 Manly Vale Hotel, 9 Auburn Baseball Club
RUPERT B
6 Cambridge Tavern, 7 Bayview Tavern, 8 Mosman Hotel, 9 St George Budapest Soccer Club
SCATTERED ACES
6 Cabbage Tree Hotel, 7 Dee Why Hotel
SCIENTISTS
6 Sydney Trade Union Club
SEA MONSTERS
9 Stranded
SEKRET SEKRET
9 Strawberry Hill Hotel
SHY THUNDER
4 Epping Hotel
SISTER MARY IGNATIUS
8 Scandals, Campbelltown
SNAKE
7Blue Gum Hotel
THE SNORKELS
5 Mosman Hotel
SOFT TOYS
6 Piccadilly Hotel
S.O.S.
8 Greengate Hotel
SPY V SPY
7 Royal Antler Hotel, 8 Sefton Hotel, 9 Sylvania Hotel
STRANGE HEAT
8 Brighton Hotel
STRAPPZ
5 Musicians Club
STUPIDITY
8 Family Inn
TANSEY'S FANCY
7 Canberra C.A.E.
THE TEARAWAYS
5 Tivoli
TEMPER TEMPER
8 Piccadilly Hotel
TOTAL FIRE BAND
4 Cambridge Tavern, 5 Tubemakers, 6 Caringbah Inn, 7 Lithgow Workers, 8 Long Jetty Hotel
TRENCH GASHES
8 Whitehorse Inn, St. Peters
TRIFFIDS
7 Sydney Trade Union Club
TURNAROUND
8 Basser College, N.S.W. Uni
TYPICAL GIRLS
4 Selinas
UPPA HAND
7 Brighton Hotel
VULGAR BEATMEN
7 Tivoli, 8 Sydney Cove Tavern, 9 Royal Antler
WIDE OPEN
6 Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, 7 Arthurs Court, 8 St. George Budapest Soccer Club
THE WOLFGANG
7 Royal Antler, 8 Tivoli
STEVIE WRIGHT & THE STREET BEAT BAND
5 St. George Sailing Club

WA

THE ALLNITERS
4 OverflowHotel, 5 Red Parrot, 6 Red Parrot, 7 Stockade Hotel, 8 Whitesands Hotel, 9 Floreat Park Hotel

QLD

AVION
5 Swizzels Nightclubk, 6 Q.I.T. (lunch), 6 Mansfield Tavern (late), 7 Jet Club, 8 Melanesian Village, 9 Royal Mail Hotel
CHOIR BOYS
4, 5 Festival Hall
COLD CHISEL
4, 5 Festival Hall, 6 Bombay Rock
GUN CLUB
9 Variety
KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
6 National Hotel, 7 Glen Hotel, 8 Jet Club, 9 Easts
MODELS
5 Bombay Rock, 6 National Hotel, 7 Glen Hotel, 8 Jet Club, 9 Easts
MOTHER GOOSE
8 Mansfield Tavern
QV's
5-8 Mansfield Tavern, 7 Jet Club, 8 Melanesian Village, 9 Royal Mail Hotel

SA

PAUL KELLY
3 Findon Hotel
JENNIFER LEE BAND
6 Bridgeway Hotel, 7 Flagstaff Hotel, 8 Ponde '83, 9 K9 Disco
MONDO ROCK
5 Westlands, Whyalla, 6 Pt Pirrie Hotel, 7 Underdale C.A.E., 8 Ponde '83, 9 Bridgeway Hotel
SWANEE
5 Mt Gambier, Barn Palace, 6 Flagstaff Hotel, 7 Peninsular Hotel, 8 Bridgeway Hotel, 9 Ponde '83
MATT TAYLOR BAND
6 Lark & Tinas, 7 Highlander Hotel, 8 Findon Hotel, 9 Ponde '83 (early), 9 Findon Hotel (late)

FIVE ACES: At Melbourne's Creole Club (Shakespeare Hotel) on Thursday the 6th

PRIVATE LIVES: Playing Sydney's Players at the Paddington Green Hotel on Saturday night

COLD CHISEL: Brisbane people have two last chances to see the Chisels, Tuesday and Wednesday nights at Festival Hall

BIG BANG COMBO: Catch them at the Prince Of Wales Hotel in Melbourne on Friday night

AGENTS: Performing Saturday night at Sydney's Governor's Pleasure

Pulse

Edited by GRAHAM SIMPSON.

Chisel's financial boon

Cold Chisel, who kicked off their farewell tour of Australia last Tuesday, could end up making quite a lot of money.

Their five shows at the Sydney Entertainment Centre have grossed them over a million dollars — although of course, the sum total is considerably less when you discount production costs (expected to be around $100,000 for the tour) travel, hotel expenditure and particularly hall hire. The Sydney Entertainment Centre, for instance, costs $25,000 per night.

Nevertheless, it is expected the band will make a tidy profit out of the farewell — as is, of course, their right.

When they first announced their break up, they intended to do four shows in New Zealand and nine in Australia. Because of lack of time, they had to stick to four N.Z. shows — but the amount of Australian shows extended to 22!

Last week, the band did Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at the Newcastle Workers Club (all sold out) with Saturday (October 1) their sell out at Canberra's Bruce Stadium.

This week, on the 4th and 5th, the band plays Brisbane's Festival hall, with four shows (9-12) at Melbourne's Sports and Entertainment Centre where there were still a few tickets left at press time.

They're at the Perth Entertainment Centre on October 15. There are four shows at the Adelaide Apollo Stadium (20-23) all sold out although at press time there was a limited amount for the show on the 20th. The five shows at the Sydney Entertainment Centre (25-29) also had limited tickets available at press time.

A new single is also being rushed out to coincide with the tour. The A-side is a Don Walker composition "Hold Me Tight" which runs for 1 minute and 48 seconds (one wonders if it'll sell for the full price, when punters usually get three minutes worth of vinyl, at least) with the B-side, a Jimmy Barnes composition called "No Sense" about a fan who's been writing to him for the last seven years.

The new single will be their first new product since *Circus Animals* in the spring of '82. The band did try and record a new single earlier this year but disagreed too much on the direction of the record.

• JIM BARNES

Dragon off the road

With "Rain" sitting at No. 2 on the Australian national charts, Dragon are going off the road for almost four months to record their next album.

It will be the album that is going to launch them onto the overseas market, so the band are determined to take as long as possible, instead of the 'quicky' albums they churned out in their first wave, in the late Seventies.

Over the last couple of weeks, the band's become one of the country's most popular live attractions, turning in some fine shows. At a recent multi-bill with Moving Pictures and Choir Boys, the band out-ranked the headliners (see inside), and more recently filled two shows at the Tivoli in Sydney.

As announced in last week's issue, the last two weeks of engagements saw play with the Angels drummer Brent Eccles, when Kerry Jacobsen had to blow out.

What started as a deep gash on his finger developed into severe blood poisoning, and his doctor told him to take it easy for a few months.

However, last week, Dragon's manager Steve White said that the band would not be using replacements during sessions and that Jacobsen would be taking all the honours.

The forthcoming LP, still untitled, is expected to be released in January, when the band makes its return to live work.

. . . and speaking of The Angels

Brent Eccles' band the Angels are currently negotiating to screen their *Angels Live At Narara* TV special in Perth, Adelaide and Melbourne shortly.

Following recent screenings in Sydney and Brisbane, their *Watch The Red* album, which was slipping out the national charts did a U-turn and is climbing back up again. Last week, a spokesperson for the band's management said that they were still negotiating and that prospects were "very hopeful".

The problem, the spokesperson said, was that as the TV networks go into the ratings period, the networks were choka-blok with good product, and they have to place the Angels TV special somewhere.

The special's ratings in the two cities was impressive enough for stations in other states to take a gamble and put it in the high rating period.

Aside from Brent Eccles who's been helping out Dragon (he and wife Helen became the parents of a son recently, too) the rest of the Angels are remaining low profile, writing songs for their next LP, and awaiting the return of manager John Woodruffe from America with possible news of a record deal.

Neeson has been involved in the selling of the Narara TV special and recently made the Sydney gossip columns when he quietly slipped into Royal North Shore Hospital to visit a 17-year old high school student who was paralysed after an accident on the football field.

The boy's best friend wrote to Neeson telling him how his mate had sunk into a deep depression and how a visit from his favourite singer would perk him up. It did.

Marc Almond's swan song

Probably the last single from Soft Cell, following Marc Almond's decision to quit the music business, is to be released in Australia shortly.

The song is titled "Soul Inside" was recorded just before Almond's emotional outburst that the savage reviews he got from the British rock press for this latest LP left him "confused and angry".

In England, the record has come out in several formats. The 7" features a version of the old James Bond theme "You Only Live Twice" on the b-side. There's a limited edition double pack which ads a free 7" single with a remixed version of "Loving You Hating Me" (how ironic!) and the previously unreleased "Her Imagination". The 12" drops the Bond song in favour of "Her Imagination".

Almond's future plans are as uncertain as ever. He was supposed to be finishing work on the next Soft Cell album with David Ball but no further material has been recorded. In London, Polygram Records was unable to comment if the tracks already recorded would surface in any form.

Almond is, in the meantime, teaming up with former Birthday Party frontman Nick Cave, Lydia Lynch and Jim Foestus for a mini five-day poetry reading tour of the U.S. Almond originally envisaged it as a Halloween Day appearance, but demand exceeded the performances.

The four will be going out under the banner of "The Immaculate Consumptive Tour".

Bowie convention

The First World David Bowie Convention was held in London's Cunard International Hotel on October 1 and 2.

For the price of A$15 a day (A$22 for two days) fans saw videos, films, danced to a disco jock playing Bowie records and "special celebrity' guests.

In America, *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* has been released to unanimous praise from the critics.

According to the *New York Times*: "David Bowie plays a born leader in (the film), and he plays him like a born star. His screen presence is mercurial and arresting and he seems to arrive at this effortlessly."

By the time you read this, Bowie should be in Japan for the Far East leg of his *Serious Moonlight* tour. Naturally, it's already sold out.

In America, the show was a success, with his two Vancouver shows two weeks ago filmed for a TV special, to be shown in Canada and the U.S. early next year.

In Australia, while there is a bickering about the venues in Brisbane and Sydney, certain bootlegs from his European tour have surfaced in selected record stores (don't ask which ones). The best of the lot is a double LP from the Frankfurt show entitled *Nothing But A Star*, while the Lyons show resulted in a splendid picture disc.

Speaking of Bowie, his former Ziggy cohort Mick Ronson came on-stage for a jam during the Toronto Show and played on "Jean Genie". The last time the two appeared together was at the London Marquee Club in October 1973, when the Bowie band was filmed for a TV special.

Since then, Ronson's gone on to play guitar for Bob Dylan and Ian Hunter, but has become a recluse over the past few years. Currently residing in Bearsville, New York, the guitarist has been up to Canada on a number of occasions to work with local band Perfect Affair with whom he's cut a LP for Attic Records.

• **A week long controversy over Bowie's Brisbane concert ended with the city's Lord Mayor, Alderman Harvey, announcing that the show would go on at Lang Park, on November 16. What's more, he and wife Pearl expected to actually attend the concert!**

However, promoters Paul Dainty had to meet some stringent conditions so that the noise level would be acceptable to the Noise Abatement Authority. He had to put up a bond of $50,000 which would be forfeited if the noise was excessive, the concert had to run between 7—10.15 pm, or else, and there would be no rehearsals.

Harvey added that having Bowie on at Lang Park would not set a precedent for rock concerts and that "each application would be dealt with on its merits". Brisbane Council said it would look seriously at allowing future rock concerts at the QE 2 Stadium, although the venue problem would be solved permanently by the advent of the 16,000 seater Boondall complex. (Lang Park is expected to attract 20,000, paying almost $20 each).

In Sydney, at press time, the venue site remained unsolved although one radio station has started a petition among its listeners, demanding that the Sydney public be allowed to see Bowie in their city.

BOW WOW WOW SACK ANNABELLA

Bow Wow Wow have sacked Annabella Lwin — until now, their novelty gimmick as mid-teened Burmese singer.

Founder members Matthew Ashman, Dave Barbarossa and Lee Gorman called a band meeting, and then told Annabella to leave.

Last week, none of the members were available for comment but an official statement from RCA Records, telexed to music magazines around the world read: "They have worked together for three years, touring the world with great success, especially in the States, now the boys felt it was time to move on creatively.

"They are currently rehearsing new material and auditioning for possible new members. Annabella Lwin has decided to leave the band and she will now pursue a solo career."

Things apparently came to a head during their U.S. tour earlier this year. The three instrumentalists felt that they were moving to a new direction, which didn't really fit Lwin's capabilities.

As past *Juke* features on Bow Wow Wow have highlighted, there was always a personality clash between Lwin and guitarist Matthew Ashman. The latter's abrasive macho-orientated humour used to upset Lwin frequently, particularly on tour.

At this stage, RCA Records insisted that Lwin will either cut solo records or put a new band together. Some months ago, however, she was offered the lead role in a $¼ million Walt Disney movie.

Lwin was discovered by Malcolm McLaren in a laundromat and cottoned on to the media image she would have, after he'd planned to be lead singer of Bow Wow Wow. During his recent visit, McLaren told *Juke* that he originally envisaged Bow Wow Wow's vocal line to be shared by Lwin and Boy George.

Lwin's over-protective mother, and her constant tantrums when she felt her daughter was being "exploited" by the band and McLaren, gave Bow Wow Wow more publicity than even McLaren could have dreamed of.

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Barbed Wires

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER.

Oooh, you must fill yourself full of vitamins to keep going, you old bugger — my husband Charles certainly does," shrieks England's oldest teenybopper, Diana Of Wales on meeting some Old Gentlemen of the rock fraternity.

The scene was the Royal Albert Hall in London recently, when the stars came out for a benefit to aid The Prince's Trust, which donated money to voluntary organisation. Slavvering to hold on to a true blue-blood are Rolling Stones' Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts, one time Joe Cocker keyboard player Chris Stainton and Stevie Winwood, desperately pretending he's got nothing to do with the others.

With all three Jam members back in action in solo capacities, a *Greatest Hits* double album is released in England on October 14. Called *Snap*, the LP features 29 tracks in chronological order, starting with "In The City" and ending with "Beat Surrender". There are two surprises: a remixed version of "Funeral Pyre" and the original demo for "That's Entertainment".

A limited number of *Snap* albums in the UK will also include a free live EP which was recorded at the Jam's Wembley shows in London last December. A limited number of *Snap* cassettes will also be packaged in England with an extra cassette featuring the live tracks.

● *Former* **XTC** *drummer* **Terry Chambers** reportedly "working on the lakes" in Australia. One of the reasons the drummer left XTC was that his Australian wife couldn't stand the English weather and wanted to return to sunny Aussie — or that's what **Andy Partridge** says, anyway. Partridge incidentally suffered a nervous breakdown, as you know. But because the band cancelled a U.S. tour, rumours went around that he'd died — so many that a couple of radio stations played tributes to him, placing XTC discs back to back.

● **The Moody Blues'** new LP *The Present* maintains their 100% chart strike rate. Just released Australia and climbing steadily up the national charts, in England the LP's already gone Top 15. In the last sixteen years, the Moodies have reached the British Top 30 with each of their twelve albums, including two compilations. According to Brit industry publication *Music Week*, the band has sold over 37 million records worldwide.

● *In New York,* **INXS** *have made time to have one track produced by* **Nile Rodgers,** with **Daryl Hall** reportedly helping out on backing vocals.

● It was just another sand dune on Sydney's Cronulla Beach — but both the late evening picturesque shots looking over the oil refineries saw both **Duran Duran** and Melbourne's **Dear Enemy** scowlingly going for the same dune for their video clips. Both had film crews set up — and neither were about to back down. What's more, it became exasperating because both bands' records — blaring out so that band members could lip synch — kept confusing the filming! We also hear that the band has parted ways with clip producer **Russell Mulcahy,** who's working on the new Oz film, *Razorback.*

Dear Enemy, the Melbourne band which was signed directly to America's Capital Records after being discovered playing a Melbourne pub by Men At Work's American producer **Peter McIan,** are soon to release a single and LP. On October 5, the band also returns to the road in Melbourne after a five month break.

● **Meat Loaf** *may be gasping for fans these days but they sure love him in Moosic, Pennsylvania. He's just won a Beer Can Eating Contest. Meat managed to crush six beer cans between his teeth in five minutes flat.*

● **Johnny Ramone** *has left hospital in New York after his vicious bashing.*

● While **Boy George** is angrily denying reports in a British newspaper that he's about to quit **Culture Club,** Georgie-Porgie and the band are romping through the U.S. on a tour. At one gig in New York, the band came onstage in hunky American football gear.

● **No noose is good noose:** *London band the* **Specimen** *went to play in a Manchester club called Jillys, and found that the club owner was somewhat backward in being forward about paying them their due fee. No problems, thought the band. They erected a makeshift gallows backstage and hung the hapless businessman in a noose until he was ready to discuss various financial entitlements.*

● Next **Pat Benatar** LP will be a combination of live recordings from her *Get Nervous* American tour of last year with some new studio cuts, including the new U.S. single "Love Is A Battlefield."

● *There's a chance that the new* **Bruce Springsteen** *LP could be out by Christmas, since producers* **Jon Landau** *and* **Chuck Plotkin** *have been busy mixing cuts at the Hit Factory studios in New York. However the word is the Da Boss wants to record some more material. As we reported some issues back, he turned up jamming with an Ashbury Park bar band called the Diamonds but more recently opted to go higher for compansions when he bounced in on a* **Jackson Browne** *appearance at the Madison Square Gardens and ammed on a couple of numbers.*

● There are two things that give you rock and roll credibility these days. One, someone bootlegs you. Two, someone impersonates you. **Men At Work** have yet to be bootlegged but drummer **Jerry Speiser** was the victim of an impersonator recently. The impersonator picked up a girl in a bar and then told her he had to "borrow" her sports car to get to the airport; neither the impersonator nor the car were seen again. In the meantime, "Speiser" was also giving controversial interviews and talking himself into rock and roll shows without paying. It's enough to make you want to become a bank teller, already!

● *It looks like* **Kiss** *will show themselves without their makeup on the back of their new LP* ***Lick It Up.*** *Was it always for mystique? Or was it to hide their ugliness and zits? The truth must be told!*

● Is it a coincidence that two of our writers, **Brian Jones** and **Michael Smith** share names with dead musicians? Would the balding **Paul Simon** sue the **Clash** bassist for having a similar name to his? Will **Prince Randy Andy** sue mincing Prince for copping on to his title without any blue blood rushing through his veins? So why, then, does **Frank Sinatra** think he can get away with suing a Las Vegas strip and gay hangout called Sinatras, run by two brothers whose surname is also Sinatra? Not too long ago, old Crankie Frankie's lawyers approached British band the Sinatras and warned them about using his name — but they, thankfully, told the lawyers and the cobwebbed crooner to shove it.

● *A couple of hundred club patrons seeking relief from a hot New York night looked up bored at the Peppermint Lounge club when an unknown band called the* **Hot Dogs** *took to the stage. The music turned out to be quite good, apparently, and some patrons tore their eyes away from their drugs and drinks to have a closer look and, gaspo, found that the Hot Dogs were none other than* **Dave Edmunds, Stray Cats' Brian Setzer** *and* **Slim Jim Phantom,** *and former* **Doobie** *guitarist* **Skunk Baxter.** *Slim and girlfriend* **Britt Eckland** *have exchanged identical diamond studded gold eternity rings and will get married in America on February 19.*

● Sydney's **Private Lives** manager rang to say that news of three of the band coming down with hepatitis was somewhat exaggerated. Actually singer **John Needham** had a touch of the flu . . .

● **Matt Taylor** *contemplating putting the original* **Chain** *back together for a one-off series of concerts. In the early '70s, the bluesy band were one of the most respected of the Oz underground bands and even had a hit with "Black And Blue". Following singles like "Judgement" and "Gonna Miss You Babe" were duly ignored by Oz radio.*

● Watch out for the announcement of **Gary Glitter** dates in November. There is a possibility of **Toto Coelo** and **John Foxx** coming to do pubs and clubs, with **BUrning Sensation** a possibility in December. While Canadian heavy rock band **Anvil** who were going to do a heavy matal package of the hclubs with local headbanger outfits, have now decided to return to America instead of coming downunder after a Japanese visit, three top promoters are in there swinging to get the **Police** return visit in the New Year.

● *Guitarist* **Mark Greig** *has left the* **Lisa Bade Band** *to return to the* **Runners.**

● About six weeks ago, we pointed out that there were more foreign acts in the American Top 100 than Americans. Recently, that figure reached as high as 55%, with 37.5% coming from Britain alone.

● **Cliff Richard's** *latest hit "Never Say Die" was originally entitled "Give A Little Bit More" but changed to avoid confusion with his 1980 recording of a different song also called "Give A Little Bit More Loveo" — which itself was discovered by one* **Johnny Logan** *under the original title of "Too Much Too Soon".*

● A new club hit around Australia, **D Train's** "The Shadow Of Your Smile" was originally featured in the ★965 movie *The Sandpiper which featured* **Richard Burton** and **Elizabeth Taylor.** That year, it won an Oscar as the best song of the year. It has since been recorded by over a hundred artists.

● *While London's subsidised artists have been scrabbling to live on their ever diminishing incomes, it has taken a Birmingham pop band to show them how to play the Government at its own game. The band,* **Eye Do It,** *went along to the new Enterprise Allowance, set up by the Government to encourage young people to set up their own business, and asked for a grant. Last week they were given A$85 a week each for a year to pursue their musical careers.*

"All we did was go to the Job Centre as soon as we heard about the scheme, and they recommended us to the Manpower Commission," explained bassist **Paul Florence.** *"They interviewed us and checked out that we could fulfill certain requisites, like working 36 hours per week on the band, plus an initial capital of one thousand pounds each. We also all had to have been unemployed for at least 13 weeks. They were really sceptical at first, but after only six weeks we got our grant." The band then went down to Downing Street to present PM* **Margaret Thatcher** *with a copy of a single they plan to release.*

● **Todd Rundgren** currently producing fab pop band **Rubinoos** 5-track EP.

● *West coast surf-rock pioneers* **the Ventures** *were involved in a major scrape when their 25-foot motor home caught fire, on their way to a gig. Over $5,000 in cash and personal belongings were devoured by the fire while rhythm guitarist* **Don Wilson** *suffered from a sprained ankle, forcing him to quit the band for a month.*

In the meantime, **Fad Gadget** *(aka* **Frank Tovey)** *who tore ligaments in both legs during a gig in Amsterdam in May has recovered and is about to return to the stage with a new band. Their new single "I Discover Love" features a cameo appearance from former* **Birthday Party** *guitarist* **Roland S. Howard.**

● Former **Squeeze** member **Don Snow**has joined **Judie Tzuke's** touring band.

● **Moving Pictures** *will be flying to Los Angeles between October 5-14 and have blown out some Oz dates.*

● **Spandau Ballet's Martin Kemp** confesses he is terrified every time he gets into a plane. He's scared it'll crash — more so

ALWAYS ONE STEP AHEAD

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Barbed Wires

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER.

when the thing's actually up in the air. In flight, he keeps the window shades down and buries his bead between headphones.

• **Waysted,** *the band formed by ex-***UFO** *bassist* **Peter Way** *has inked with Chrysalis and has a new single — expected to become the theme song for Womens Libbers all around the world — called "Women In Chains" (as in bondage, assault, real macho hero stuff). The rest of the band are guitarist/keyboardsman* **Paul Raymond** *(who was briefly with him in UFO)* **Frank Noon,** *who used to be the original drummer for* **Def Leppard,** *and ex-***Heartbreakers** *guitarist* **Ronnie Kayfield.**

• After savage reviews of his *Built To Destroy* album, **Michael Schenker** has slunk into a New York studio to remix it for further pressings. Helping out was his new guitarist **Derek St. Holmes,** last with loudmouthed self proclaimed God, **Ted Nugent.**

• *The next* **Prince** *album will be the soundtrack of the film he's shooting with his proteges,* **Vanity 6** *and his band. Song titles like "Electric Intercourse" and "Computer Blue" should give an idea of what sort of flick it'll be. Incidentally, although a nice little affair was developing between Prince and professional girlfriend* **Bebe Buell,** *the two have had a falling out, leading Buell to run off to American minor guitar hero* **Rick Derringer** *(now in* **Meat Loaf's** *band), who'll produce her next LP.*

• **Split Enz** will be back on the road in the first week of December. They'll be doing country areas in New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria for starters,f with their first major gig being on December 16 when they headline Radio EON-FM's end-of-the-school-year bash *Thank God It's Over.*

• **Do Re Mi,** *who supported* **Midnight Oil's** *three shows at the Sydney Entertainment Centre, so impressed the headliners that they were asked to do the honours at the Oil's Canberra gig at the Bruce Stadium on the 24th.*

• **Avion,** who've been doing some free shows around Sydney and have got the **Rick Springfield** tour support, have had a pleasant surprise overseas. The British public seems to like the American copies of their debut LP, so much hso that the LP is No. 8 and No. 10 respectively on the Heavy Metal import charts of *Kerrang!* and *Sounds* magazines.

• *Glam rockers* **Twister Sisters'** *singer* **Dee Snider** *says he's an animal lover — at home he's got a ferret, rats, lizards and an eight foot boa constrictor.*

• British experimental band **A Certain Ratio's** forthcoming single "I Need Someone Tonite" will debut their new members, **Andy Connel** (keyboard's percussion) and **Carol McKenzie** (vocals(.

• **Wham** *singer* **George Michael** *is flying to deepest Alabama to produce his first solo single. The song, "Careless Whisper", written three years ago, will be recorded with the famous Muscle Shoals Horns Section and produced by* **Jerry Wexler.** *It is being squeezed in between What's own busy schedules.*

• Keyboard whiz **Rick Wakeman** is a busy fellow: he's just released a new LP in England called *Cost Of Living* which features actor **Robert Powell,** who narrates one of the tracks. In between, he's completing work for a film soundtrack called *She* and writing a rock ballet called *Triumph Of Death* for New York's Broadway. He'll also be playing a gig in Peking in lat October which will be televised worldwide. Already his management is claiming he's the first rock musician to do so; actually **Jean Michel-Jarre** did it 18 months ago.

• **Tom Petty** *says that his recent meeting with* **Beach Boy** *looney* **Brian Wilson** *in a resatuarant went off OK, "except he put my head in between two pieces of bread and tried to eat it". Wot's this we hear about the Beach Boys having to pay $4 to get into their own concert at the Ohio State Fair . . . because they'd forgotten their backstage passes?*

• New Melbourne band **Mars Needs Women** have a drummer **Peter Kunkle** who's so exhuberant (the fact he's 6'4" and built like the proverbial helps, too) that he goes through about $60 worth of drum equipment at each gig.

• *Trumpeter and record company executive* **Herb Alpert** *was so impressed with Iceland outfit* **Mezzoforte's** *"Garden Party" that he decided to do a version of his own. It was only later that he discovered that he'd played the record at 33 rpm instead of 45 rpm.*

• **Australian Crawl** and **Honeymoon** launched a new venue in Sydney last week, the Auburn Baseball Club in Auburn.

• **Bob Dylan** *has changed the title of his next LP to Infidels.*

• The next **Jimmy Cliff** elpee to be written and produced by **Kool & The Gang.**

• *Although the Yentl film will be released here early 1984, the soundtrack, by* **Barbra Streisand,** *should be out by November.*

• **Mi-Sex LP** titled *Where Do They Go,* with new single "Only Thinking".

• *According to* **Toto's Jeff Porcaro,** *the members have only participated in 60 recording sessions this year — well below their average. The problem is they're too successful as Toto and don't have time for lucrative session work. Altogether now: awwwwwwwww.*

• **Leo Sayer** made an honorary deputy sheriff of Storey County in Virginia City, Nevada (site of the old *Bonanza* series) after he disclosed in an interview the city was one of his favorite places.

• *Out of the ashes of Adelaide's fallen* **Vitamin Z** *comes good time rockabilly act* **The Rocca Fellas,** *put together by guitarist* **Bruno Lucia** *and drummer* **Joe Sudouskas** *with* **Tropical Gin's Alan Fellow** *and bassist* **Bobby Hill.** *Also in that town, three members of the now defunct* **Spitfires** *have reformed to play in a '60s garage punk type outfit called* **Love Gods.**

• While some members of **Ya Ya Choral** have, as announced here, surfaced as **Zee Toons, Patrick Gibson** has been sighted in new band **No Night Sweat.**

• **Sherbs' Garth Porter** *strongly denying stories that* **Daryl Braithwaite** *has linked with a solo deal in the U.S. The band's back on the road this week after a three months break during which Porter scored the new* **Paul Dainty** *movie* ***Street Hero*** *and vacationed in Bali, Braithwaite did his solo "cabaret"-type revue of old* **Sherbet** *songs,* **Alan Sandow** *toured with the* **Brenton Roberts Band, Tony Mitchell** *did the sound for brother* **Mark's** *and* **West Of The World** *and guitarist* **Tony Leigh** *did demos and gave guitar tuition.*

• On the Melbourne venue front, while some have closed their doors to live rock, the Shakespeare Hotel is this week changing its name to the Creole Club and, with the intention of becoming the R&B/black music centre of town, is debuting its new look on October 6 with the **Five Aces** and **Shuffling Hungarians.**

Meantime on the 7th, the Club is putting together a 24-piece Big Band including members of the **Rhythmatics, Shuffling Hungarians** and **Sole Twisters,** with a nine piece brass section (including members of **Strange Tenants** with their new sax-player **Don Williamson, Jo Jo Zep** etc) and no less than six harp players. At Matildas, in Queen St journo **Craig N. Pearce** turns DJ every Tuesday playing funk/soul records to dance your socks off to.

• ***Michael Jackson (seen here with close friend Jane Fonda who presented him with platinum awards for his Thriller album) is to start work on the most expensive video clip ever made. Being made to accompany the title track of Thriller, to star Vincent Price and be directed by John Landis who made Animal House and An American Werewolf in London, the clip will cost $500,000. Not that anyone's going to deny him the money — Thriller has sold more than eight million alone in the US and is still selling at a rate of 200,000 copies a week.***

• *What was going to be a guest spot for a few songs turned into a full hour's set when* **Jimmy Barnes** *joined* **Swanee** *during their set at Sydney's Sylvania Hotel.*

• Former bassplayer with L.A. cult band **Snakefinger, George B. George,** who has based himself in Melbourne with his Australian wife — has put together a new band called **Vocalphobia** with vocalist **Ray Fitzgerald,** drummer **Steve Sheir** and a guitarist called **Jim Jerusalem,**which made its debut at Macys last week.

• *Drummer* **Stephen Askins** *has departed Sydney's* **Peculiar Clerk** *after two years, to manage* **Foreign Body,** *and is replaced in the Clerk by* **Martin Odgers.**

• Sydney's Guitar Factory is starting a 10 week course for $100 next week teaching all sorts of styles including ragtime, jazz, blues, country, slide, as well as guitar maintenance and repair. The course is tutored by some excellent names including **Phil and Tommy Emmanuel, Al Ward, Kirk Lorange, John Kare, Steve McKenna, Chris Piper, Margret RoadKnight** (correct spelling) **"Gypsy" Dave Smith, John Summers, Graham Wardrop** and **Jim Williams.**

• *On their very first visit to Perth, the* **Uncanny X-Men** *discovered that the Sandgropers — or at least their police force — were far from impressed with four leter words sprinkled through the set. Twice singer* **Brian Mannix** *and manager* **Rob Saul** *were threatened with arrest.*

• British expatriate **John Lydon** has returned briefly to London, to coincide with the English release of the new **Public Image Ltd** single "This Is Not A Love Song", plus the launch of his first serious movie *Order Of Death* (originally to be titled *Cop Killer)* in which he plays yes, a cop killer. Unfortunately, something went wrong and he failed to make his scheduled appearance at the film festival.

PIL's next LP *Live In Tokyo* is a two-disc set that revolves at 45 rpm. It includes three new songs and is described as "a live LP with almost studio sound quality". On the video front, the band's *PIL Live In Tokyo* is released overseas next week, including some "tourist footage" of Lydon in various Japanese cities.

• *Former* **Cramps** *guitarist* **Bryan Gregory** *walked out on his band* **Beast** *— only a day before they were to fly out of the U.S. for a British tour. He left not only the band but his girlfriend, Beast vocalist* **Andrella.** *(Gregory left the Cramps in a similarly abrupt manner three years ago, and nothing more was heard of him until he emerged late last year with Beast). Undaunted, the rest of Beast recruited 18-year-old guitarist* **Quinn,** *who'd played with them as an occasional member on several American dates earlier this year, and went ahead with the British tour.*

• As a postscript to the **Allan Caswell** photo caption, a thousand copies of his single were sold within 15 minutes when the Australians took the American Cup. Last Tuesday alone, the single sold 8000 copies. This is nationalism gone wild!

• *The hottest American comedian* **Joan Rivers,** *she of the irreverent* ***What Becomes A (Semi) Legend Most*** *albu, has had to cancel a planned one-week stint as guest hostess of* ***The Mike Walsh Show*** *afte a better offer from Las Vegas. However, the whacky and very funny comedian plans to tour here in late summer.*

• ***Sydney songwriter Alan Caswell's T-shirt probably sums up Australian sentiment over the recent cup fiasco-turned-triumph. His song "The Australia Cup" was continually aired at Newport, Rhode Island, to the delight of the Australia II crew and the consternation of the stinkers in the New York Yacht Club.***

Australian Crawl

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Frid 7 — ARMADALE HOTEL
Sat 8 — SANDOWN PARK HOTEL
Sun 9 — DORSET GARDENS HOTEL

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Charts

Australia

1	1	AUSTRALIANA, Austen Tayshus	WEA
2	9	BOP GIRL, Pat Wilson	WEA
3	8	I.O.U., Freeez	CBS
4	14	PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, Taco	RCA
5	16	THE SAFETY DANCE, Men Without Hats	EMI
6	5	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES, Elton John	PolyGram
7	4	RAIN, Dragon	PolyGram
8	6	TELL HER ABOUT IT, Billy Joel	CBS
9	2	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT, Paul Young	CBS
10	3	MANIAC, Michael Sembello	PolyGram
11	12	MOONLIGHT SHADOW Mike Oldfield	CBS
12	15	MADE MY DAY, Tim Finn	Festival
13	10	TRUE, Spandau Ballet	Festival
14	7	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara	PolyGram
15	11	DOUBLE DUTCH, Malcolm McLaren	PolyGram
16	19	WORDS, F. R. David	RCA
17	13	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY, Donna Summer	PolyGram
18	22	I DON'T WANNA DANCE, Eddy Grant	CBS
19	21	MAXINE, Sharon O'Neill	CBS
20	—	KARMA CHAMELEON, Culture Club	CBS
21	17	CALL ME NAMES, Joan Armatrading	Festival
22	23	ELECTRIC AVENUE, Eddy Grant	CBS
23	25	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING, ELO	CBS
24	—	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER, Police	'Festival
25	18	SHINY SHINY, Haysi Fantayzee	RCA

1	1	AIR SUPPLY'S GREATEST HITS, Air Supply	EMI
2	3	TOO LOW FOR ZERO, Elton John	PolyGram
3	—	BEST OF JOE COCKER, Joe Cocker	EMI
4	2	FLASHDANCE, Original Soundtrack	PolyGram
5	5	AN INNOCENT MAN, Billy Joel	CBS
6	6	TRUE, Spandau Ballet	Festival
7	7	THE KEY, Joan Armatrading	Festival
8	11	PRINCIPLES OF MOMENTS, Robert Plant	WEA
9	9	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	CBS
10	8	SYNCHRONICITY, Police	Festival
11	4	FLICK OF THE SWITCH, AC/DC	EMI
12	17	NO PARLEZ, Paul Young	CBS
13	10	BLUES BROTHERS, Original Soundtrack	WEA
14	15	ESCAPADE, Tim Finn	Festival
15	12	THE WILD HEART, Stevie Nicks	WEA
16	14	CRISES, Mike Oldfield	CBS
17	18	LAWYERS IN LOVE, Jackson Browne	WEA
18	19	10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 Midnight Oil	CBS
19	—	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
20	—	PUNCH THE CLOCK, Elvis Costello	RCA
21	—	FOREIGN AFFAIRS, Sharon O'Neill	CBS
22	22	CHOIR BOYS, Choir Boys	EMI
23	24	YOU AND ME BOTH, Yazoo	RCA
24	23	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE, Eddy Grant	CBS
25	13	DUCK ROCK, Malcolm McLaren	PolyGram

England

1	1	RED RED WINE, UB40	DEP Int.
2	2	MAMA, Genesis	Virgin
3	20	KARMA CHAMELEON, Culture Club	Virgin
4	5	TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE, Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson	Capitol
5	15	COME BACK AND STAY, Paul Young	CBS
6	14	DOLCE VITA, Ryan Paris	Clever
7	4	WHAT AM I GONNA DO, Rod Stewart	W. Bros
8	18	OL RAG BLUES, Status Quo	Vertigo
9	3	WINGS OF A DOVE, Madness	Stiff
10	19	CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY, Heaven 17	BEF
11	11	WALKING IN THE RAIN, Modern Romance	WEA
12	8	THE SUN GOES DOWN, Level 42	Polydor
13	13	CHANCE, Big Country	Mercury
14	6	CONFUSION, New Order	Factory
15	24	NEVER SAY DIE, Cliff Richard	EMI
16	—	MODERN LOVE, David Bowie	EMI
17	12	I'M STILL STANDING, Elton John	Rocket
18	—	BIG APPLE, KajaGooGoo	EMI
19	10	WARRIORS, Gary Numan	Beggars Banquet
20	—	GO DEH YAKA (GO TO THE TOP), Monyaka	Polydor
21	17	LONG HOT SUMMER, Style Council	Polydor
22	—	THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG, PIL	Virgin
23	9	GIVE IT UP, KC & The Sunshine Band	Epic
24	7	GOLD, Spandau Ballet	Reformation
25	16	BAD DAY, Carmel	London

1	2	NO PARLEZ, Paul Young	CBS
2	5	THE CROSSING, Big Country	Mercury
3	3	THE VERY BEST OF, Beach Boys	Capitol
4	6	FANTASTIC, Wham!	Innervision
5	8	STANDING IN THE LIGHT, Level 42	Polydor
6	7	GREATEST HITS, Michael Jackson & The Jacksons	Star
7	24	BENT OUT OF SHAPE, Rainbow	Polydor
8	4	FLICK OF THE SWITCH, AC/DC	Atlantic
9	1	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN, Depeche Mode	Mute
10	10	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	Epic
11	9	TRUE, Spandau Ballet	Reformation
12	—	LABOUR OF LOVE, UB40	DEP Int.
13	—	HEADLINE HITS, Various Artists	K-Tel
14	11	TOO LOW FOR ZERO, Elton John	Rocket
15	—	DOPPELGANGER, Kid Creole	Island
16	17	THE LUXURY GAP, Heaven 17	BEF
17	12	BODY WISHES, Rod Stewart	W. Bros
18	14	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS, Robert Plant	WEA
19	20	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	RCA
20	—	BORN AGAIN, Black Sabbath	Vertigo
21	15	BUILT TO DESTROY, Michael Schenker Group	Chrysalis
22	13	THE PRESENT, Moody Blues	Threshold
23	16	THE LOOK, Shalamar	Solar
24	—	WARRIORS, Gary Numan	Beggars Banquet
25	21	PUNCH THE CLOCK, Elvis Costello	F-Beat

America

1	1	PUTTING' ON THE RITZ, Taco	RCA
2	3	THE SAFETY DANCE, Men Without Hats	Backstreet
3	2	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, Police	A&M
4	7	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART, Bonnie Tyler	Columbia
5	6	TELL HER ABOUT IT, Billy Joel	Columbia
6	5	MANIAC, Michael Sembello	Casablanca
7	10	(SHE'S) SEXY + 17, Stray Cats	EMI
8	4	SWEET DREAMS, Eurythmics	RCA
9	9	DON'T CRY, Asia	Geffen
10	11	HUMAN NATURE, Michael Jackson	Epic
11	15	MAKING LOVE OUT OF NOTHING AT ALL, Air Supply	Arista
12	19	KING OF PAIN, Police	A&M
13	17	FAR FROM OVER, Frank Stallone	RSO
14	16	PROMISES, PROMISES, Naked Eyes	EMI
15	8	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY, Donna Summer	Mercury
16	20	TRUE, Spandau Ballet	Chrysalis
17	18	DEAD GIVEAWAY, Shalamar	Solar
18	12	I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA, Culture Club	Epic
19	23	HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU, Laura Branigan	Atlantic
20	13	LAWYERS IN LOVE, Jackson Browne	Asylum
21	—	ISLANDS IN THE STREAM, Kenny Rogers & Dolly Parton	RCA
22	14	CHINA GIRL, David Bowie	EMI
23	24	HUMAN TOUCH, Rick Springfield	RCA
24	21	STAND BACK, Stevie Nicks	Modern
25	—	TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE, Peabo Bryson & Roberta Flack	Capitol

1	1	SYNCHRONICITY, Police	A&M
2	2	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	Epic
3	3	FLASHDANCE, Original Soundtrack	Casablanca
4	4	PYROMANIA, Def Leppard	Mercury
5	5	ALPHA, Asia	Geffen
6	7	AN INNOCENT MAN, Billy Joel	Columbia
7	8	THE WILD HEART, Stevie Nicks	Modern
8	10	LAWYERS IN LOVE, Jackson Browne	Asylum
9	9	THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS, Robert Plant	Es Paranza
10	6	STAYING ALIVE, Original Soundtrack	RSO
11	11	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
12	13	REACH THE BEACH, The Fixx	MCA
13	—	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT, Bonnie Tyler	Columbia
14	14	RHYTHAM OF YOUTH, Men Without Hats	Backstreet
15	12	KEEP IT UP, Loverboy	Columbia
16	19	FLICK OF THE SWITCH, AC/DC	Atlantic
17	17	METAL HEALTH, Quiet Riot	Pasha
18	18	PUNCH THE CLOCK, Elvis Costello	Columbia
19	22	COLD BLOODED, Rick James	Motown
20	21	AFTER EIGHT, Taco	RCA
21	25	GREATEST HITS, Air Supply	Arista
22	—	RANT 'N' RAVE WITH THE STRAY CATS, Stray Cats	EMI
23	20	ELIMINATOR, ZZ Top	W. Bros
24	23	SPEAKING IN TONGUES, Talking Heads	Sire
25	15	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY, Donna Summer	Mercury

Yesteryear

SINGLES FIVE YEARS AGO

1 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta
2 WARM RIDE, Graham Bonnet
3 RIVERS OF BABYLON, Boney M
4 GREASE, Frankie Valli
5 MACHO MAN, Village People
6 DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN, Flash & The Pan
7 WORDS ARE NOT ENOUGH, Jon English
8 I NEED A LOVER, Johnny Cougar
9 MISS YOU, Rolling Stones
10 TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD, Meatloaf

ALBUMS FIVE YEARS AGO

1 GREASE, Original Soundtrack
2 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meatloaf
3 WAR OF THE WORLDS, Jeff Wayne
4 SOME GIRLS, Rolling Stones
5 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Original Soundtrack
6 NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS, Boney M
7 CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty
8 NO BAD HABITS, Graham Bonnett
9 STREET LEGAL, Bob Dylan
10 KAYA, Bob Marley & The Wailers

SINGLE TEN YEARS AGO

1 PRETTY MAID, Tony Marshall
2 NEVER NEVER NEVER, Shirley Bassey
3 CAN THE CAN, Suzi Quatro
4 AND I LOVE YOU SO, Perry Como
5 DADDY'S HOME, Jermaine Jackson
6 YOU DONT'T OWN ME, The Ormsby Brothers
7 I DON'T WANT TO PLAY HOUSE, Barbara Ray
8 HEAVEN IS MY WOMAN'S LOVE, Col Joye
9 DELTA DAWN, Helen Reddy
10 MONSTER MASH, Bobby Pickett

ALBUMS TEN YEARS AGO

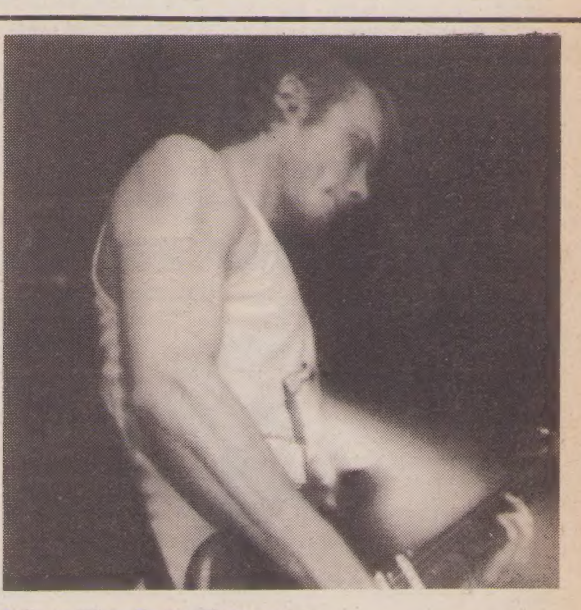
1 HOT AUGUST NIGHT, Neil Diamond
2 RED ROSE SPEEDWAY, Wings
3 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, Pink Floyd
4 NEVER NEVER NEVER, Shirley Bassey
5 SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII, Rick Wakeman
6 NOW AND THEN, The Carpenters
7 MADE IN JAPAN, Deep Purple
8 STILL POINT, Madder Lake
9 TOUCH ME, Gary Glitter
10 GLITTER, Gary Glitter

This week's 33⅓s

Flo & Eddie/Turtles: **History Of Flo Eddie and The Turtles** (3-LP)
Gun Club: **Miami**
Creedence Clearwater Revival: **Chooglin'**
Box Tops: **Greatest Hits**
Slim Harpo: **Best Of**
Various Artists: **History Of Surf Music Vols 1-4 (4-LP)**
Herb Alpert: **Blow Your Own Horn**
Various Artists: **Memories Of Cow Palace, 1963, Live**
Bobby Fuller: **Bobby Fuller Tapes Vol 1**
Jonathan Richman & Modern Lovers: **The Original Modern Lovers** (re-release)
The Wedge: **Surf Party '83**
Barnes & Barnes: **Voo Boha**
Shandells: **Best Of**
Big Daddy: **Whatever Happened To The Band Of '59?**
Clockwork Watch Band: **Best Of**
LInda Ronstadt & Nelson Riddle Orchestra: **What's New**
T-Bone Burnett: **Proof Through The Night**
XTC: **Mummer**
Yello: **Clairo Gue Si**
New Order: **Confusion**

(all releases subject to last minute change by record companies who supplied this list)

This week's 45s



Celibate Rifles: **Pretty Pictures**
Krieger/Densmore's Ragge Bonanza: **Kinky Reggae** (12")
Yello: **I Love You**
Comsat Angels: **Will You Stay Tonight**
Spandau Ballet: **Gold** (7", 12")
Michael Sembello: **Automatic Man**
Deckchairs Overboard: **Shout**
Crystal Gayle: **Baby What About You**
Kids In The Kitchen: **Change In Mood**
Machinations: **Jump In The Gap**
Bengal Tigers: **Break And Bend**
Agents: **No Adjustment To The Face** (4-track 12")
Warumpi Band: **Jailanguru Pakarnu** (Out Of Jail)
Herbie Hancock: **Rockit** (7", 12")
Mike Oldfield: **Shadow On The Wall**
Animals: **The Night**
Kansas: **Fight Fire With Fire**
Linda Lewis: **This Boy**
Ian Hunter: **All The Good Ones Are Taken**
ELO: **Secret Messages**

(all releases subject to last minute change by record companies who supplied this list)

Alternatively . . .

SINGLES

1	3	IGLOO, Screaming Tribesman	Citadel
2	2	THIS IS MY HAPPY HOUR, Scientists	Au Go Go
3	1	BUT JACQUES, THE FISH? Celibate Rifles	Hot
4	—	THE AUSTRALIA'S, Alan Caswell	Custom
5	—	MUNSTER THEME, Escalators	Big Beat
6	—	NO ADJUSTMENT TO THE FACE, Agents	Venice Beach
7	—	THE CRUSHER, Bananamen	Big Beat
8	—	PRETTY PICTURES, Celibrate Rifles	Hot
9	4	I LOVE TRUMPET, Particles	Waterfront
10	6	PLEAS, Private Lives	Private Lives

ALBUMS

1	1	BLOOD RED RIVER, Scientists	Au Go Go
2	2	VIOLENT FEMMES, Violet Femmes	Slash
3	—	I FEEL SO RELAXED WITH YOU, Scattered Order	M Squared
4	6	SON OF DUNGEON TAPE, Triffids	No
5	4	SLURP TRACK, Soggy Porridge	Jayrem
6	5	LIVE IN BERLIN, Au Pairs	AKA
7	—	HAND OF KINDNESS, Richard Thompson	Hannibal
8	—	INHERITANCE, Idiom Flesh	Rama
9	3	SIDEROXYLON, Celibate Rifles	Hot
10	8	E, The Benders	Hot

Information supplied by: Anthem, Record Plant, Scratches, Didgeridoo, Phantom, Sandy's Recycled, Exposure, Missing Link, Umbrella, Rocking Horse, Dada.

THE FAITH HEALING POWERS OF

By Alan Ward in Sydney

Woaaagh! The trance machine clicks on. Steve Wright is probably no faith healer but he has the faith. Even when his career skidded to rock bottom, he had immense faith that he'd pull through.

When he talks about his return to the stage, he speaks frankly and with humour, and with very little idealism or naivety.

Backstage, at the Wollongong club where he and his new band made their debut, well wishers came backstage to say hello.

Did he think being a rock veteran would help or work against him, one asked?

He pondered that carefully.

"I really don't know. I haven't even thought about that. People know the name. I haven't toured for years so hopefully at least they'll come and look. When it's all said and done, I think Stevie Wright's always tried to give just a little bit more in his performances."

When was the last time he'd stepped foot on a stage?

He threw his hand up in mock horror. "Oh, good grief! I think it was when the Bondi Lifesaver (one time Sydney hot spot) closed down, and before that was the *Concert Of The Decade*. Before that . . . hmmm, I can't even remember . . . probably around the 'Evie period."

As show time drew nearer, Wright admitted to being nervous although the adrenalin flow visibly heightened as the minutes ticked closer. By the time he and the band hit the stage, he was firing. Skilfully he worked the crowd, the rustiness disappearing by half time, as he pulled out his solo hits like "Evie", "Black Eyed Bruiser" and, best of all "Hard Road", a couple of R&B classics like "I Put A Spell On You", wildly received, old Easybeasts classics and only a smattering of the newies off his forthcoming solo LP.

They were called back for two encores; as well wishers crowded the back stage again, Wright's ecstatic beam told a thousand stories. If you ain't got faith in yourself, it seemed to say, no one else certainly is gonna have it for you.

"They're all young guys, about an average age of 25 and not really known to the public," Wright sat back in his home in Sydney a few days later one midday, a few hours before being picked up by the band's tour manager to go to a Newcastle gig.

"What's really astonished me about them is the incredible empathy that's shown to the music. In the past I've had experiences where the players seemed to be in there for themselves, but with these guys there's an unstated realisation that we're all part of a clock and the mechanics has to mesh together for it to work. I don't know how long we'll stay together but right now it's set for eternity!

"The interesting thing is I've never really liked touring before, but now I'm right in there. I'd like to play everywhere they want me to. Touring used to be a lonely thing but I've worked out that problem."

One aspect of Wright's onstage presence is the way he sweats it. Does he accede that a lot of Australian rock bands aren't physically stimulating?

"The first singer that ever bowled me over was Little Richard, he just sweated for his audiences. This was in England; and when I came over here in '58, the person that knocked me out was Johnny O'Keefe because he was such a dynamo onstage. And that's something I've always tried to be when I'm onstage.

"I'm not there to impress. I'm there to have a party, have a good time, to please myself and the audience. There was a time when I used to freak out if an audience was unresponsive, it used to hit me really hard, but now I take it in my stride.

"It's amazing what audiences do want from you — they want to be fulfilled, and that's their right. But it's almost frightening when I do the old Easybeats songs — there's a real excitement there, which of course I wasn't aware because I haven't done those songs for fifteen years. But it certainly makes me realise just why there's so much interest in that Easybeats reunion."

So just how close had that much-talked-about reunion come to being a reality?

"Well, man, it's down to price and organisation. Late last year it came that close, where we actually had our lawyers working out the deal, because there was a venue that was interested in having us. But at the last minute they tried to change the venue and we just said 'forget it.'

"George (Young) and Harry (Vanda) have been approached about doing Flash & The Pan dates but they're not at all interested in doing live work, except for the Easybeats reunion. I mean, they'd like to do it, but considering the amount of time that has to be put into pulling a reunion like this, everything has to be just right."

Just how aware had the Easybeats been of image? Or were they really as punch-happy as the tales have it?

"We were well aware of image. We knew that the Rolling Stones were causing some sort of excitement in England with that image, so we merely translated that to Australia.

"But a lot of things fell together naturally. The fact that we started to write very good songs was something that just happened, by chance. And the fact that we could muster up a lot of excitement onstage was also something that came naturally. But where aspects like fashion and clothes came into it, those were all well thought out."

Wright helped out Flash and the Pan (aka Vanda-Young) on their recent album, and the two in turn played a major part in pulling together Wright's long awaited solo elpee, due for release later this year. Once again, his faith comes into the picture: Wright knows he's not as good a songwriter or producer as they, so he's quite content to let them pen the songs while he sings them.

• **FLASHBACK . . . Stevie, getting by with a little help from his friends. Vanda and Young, John Paul**

So what are the sessions like — do they actually tell him how and what to sing?

"Well, it's a three way thing. They'll sit down and say 'we've got this sort of song' and we'll discuss how we'll approach it. Oviously after this long we do have a very strong bond. I've written a couple of songs but since they're far better at it than I'm am, I'll let them handle that.

"The album represents a separate direction for me, it's not like a Flash & the Pan album at all. It incoporates my direction from the Easybeats through to 'Evie' to now. The best way I can describe it is classy rock and roll."

Lyrically, what are his songs about?

"A wide spectrum, of all the experiences I've been through. There's been a lot of interesting experiences there. There are love songs, strong song, songs about the reverse side of life . . ."

Were his love song optimistic?

"Oh yeah, yeah. I don't want to discuss it too much in detail except to say that when you're a teenager you have a very optimistic outlook towards romance. The sting of life diminishes that outlook but there's not reason why you can't be enough of a realist to recover that optimism. I still have trouble with women (laughs) but I've got a very 'young' attitude towards it."

Does it disturb him that an act like Flash & The Pan can have Top 10 success in England and Europe but virtually be ignored here?

"Overseas audiences tend to be far more open minded. I think the fact that Flash & the Pan is a studio entity is the reason. Local audiences want their acts to be out there performing in the flesh before they can start relating to them."

THE SHERBS

AFTER THEIR JUNE TOUR BEING ONE OF THE BAND'S MOST SUCCESSFUL TOURS FOR SEVERAL YEARS THE SHERBS ARE BACK IN MELBOURNE PLAYING A SELECTION OF THEIR PAST GREAT HITS.

OCT. ****

Thurs 6 — DORSET GARDENS
Frid 7 — BOMBAY ROCK
Sat 8 — EUREKA HOTEL, GEELONG
Wed 12 — MOONEE PONDS TAVERN
Thurs 13 — BURNLEY TAVERN
Frid 14 — EARLS COURT — THE VENUE (with F.J. Holden & The Fives)
Sat 15 — ARMADALE(early) BILLBOARD(late)
Sun 16 — NAR NAR GOON HOTEL

F·O·R·T·

Jack Barron takes a sip with UB40

I was still trying to figure out what UB40 had done with all the money they'd earned — there just had to be an interesting story involved — when it happened.

There is no official, re-playable documentation of the moment in question. But I seem to remember it was the sax-player, Brian Travers, who capped those adrenalin shot minutes by asking the question everybody had been thinking.

"Is the news right then, Dave?" inquired the auburn-haired Brummie in tones of supressed jubilation.

Hunched over a desk, Dave Campbell — UB40's manager and brother of Robin and Ali — put the telephone receiver down for the umpteenth time, he looked up and grinned; relishing the satisfaction his knowledge would bring.

"Yes, it would appear so," replied Dave with sadistic calmness.

"EEEEHH! That's fookin' great, that is," bubbled Brian, while in the office chaos erupted. "Our first number one single in Britain. Brilliant! Maybe now I'll have a few quid in me pocket to spare.

"Mind you, they won't know about our number ones in Australia, in Europe and Zimbabwe," laughed the sax-man sarcastically, instinctively reaching for a packet of Rizla.

Robin and Ali, meanwhile, were oblivious to the top slot chart position of 'Red Red Wine', being engaged in an interview elsewhere in the building — one of many press promotions they'd undertaken in a few hours.

As champagne bottles popped their corks in frothy celebration, all the phones in Claudine Martinet-Riley's den of publicity range in swift succession, like shop alarms in the middle of a riot.

Dave snatched up one of the receivers. "Gus!" he shouted down the line to UB40's tour manager, Gus McDonald. "You've heard the news then?"

The tall Campbell brother listened intently for a second, then repeated the tour manager's distant response with a grimmace. "How can 250,000 people have bad taste?"

Nimmo, a UB40 roadie and the band's driver, passed me a spliff. "Great! This means we'll get a pay rise," he opinioned, rubbing his hands with theatrical glee.

I took a draw and gazed out of the window at the traffic snarling in Kilburn High Road. And just wondered . . .

Had Gus McDonald's retort been one of those infamous UB40 windu-ups which so often, according to Robin, get inflated into headlines? Either way, it didn't really matter; Tuesday, August 30th, 1983, would be a day the band would long remember.

And reflecting back to what Robin Campbell had said during interrogation the week before at the band's DEP headquarters in Birmingham, I felt happy for them.

"EEERRR! Shocked me, I think that's more like the word," the compact UB40-er had countered concerning the band's attitudes to' Wines' hasty rise.

"Not that the success of the single isn't a surprise because on the new album ('Labour Of Love'), that's the one I've been personally pushing for as a singler. It's one of those songs that I've always thought would be a hit if somebody did a cover of it . . .

"We were talking about reviews of the single," grumbles Robin, peering round an as yet unopened bottle of wine of the rose variety., (Univerally bad write-ups in the mainstream press, fairly ecstatic in black music publications).

"Reviews don't bother me in the slightest, although they do bug other members of the band. People are entitled not to like records or gigs. But what really does annoy me is when we do interviews and things we say are taken totally out of context . . .

"Sometimes it's the editor, not the writer, who does it. Often you meet a writer later and ask 'What the fuck did you write that for'? I didn't say that.' And the writer tells you he didn't write either . . . That kind of thing gives you your image, and it's false."

Persona

As we talk about UB40's supposedly 'bland', 'anodyne', 'grey', 'earnest yet not revolutionary enough' musical and ideological persona, I can sense Robin seething beneath his cool, professional exterior.

He's just heard how the editor of a prominent music magazine has forced a journalist to rewrite of a story on UB40 because it contained too many home truths about the rag.

The guitarist-singer refuses to name the publication for fear of comprising the journalist. But if you feel the hot glow of blushes from Carnaby Street, you'd be on the right track — at least that's my educated guess.

For obvious reasons — the band's monicker and songs like 'One In Ten' — a central issue to anybody who has taken interest in UB40's development has been how the group's theoretical wealth has allegedly undermined their credibility as performers.

This would be fine if all the facts were known, but they're not. And while it's one thing to kick a band in the gonads for limp songs — no musician has the right to complain about aesthetic barbs — it's totally out of order to use money as a whip on UB40 without discovering what they do with theirs. This is happening increasingly frequently.

That might have been an end of my suspicions. Fortuitously, I backed up on an unimpeachable source close to the band a couple of days later. "If the press knew what UB40 were really like," the source confided unwittingly," they wouldn't treat them like shit about money.

"The band really don't have any to speak of at the moment. For God's sake, Robin has had to play snooker (pool?) for cash to raise enought to go on holiday! And Astro (UB40s trumpeter and toaster) was refused a bank loan a few weeks ago for a few hundred pounds."

Obviously then, while gold discs gather dust on the walls of DEP's offices, krugerands don't rattle ostentatiously and obscenely in the band's pockets, though no doubt there are plenty of people worse off than UB40, or you and me come to that.

With primitive detection it would appear — apart from DEP itself and the band's bent for healthy hedonism — UB40's money is diverted elsewhere. One area is wages. Robin intimated that the band's roadies are premanently paid, whether they are working on tour or not.

The problem is the band are tight-lipped about this subject, apart from explaining how a lot of cash has been used to build DEP and its recording studio in a converted bacon factory in Brum.

So when Robin, who owns a flat with a morgage, a nice hi-fi and a Triumph Stag car (all within the means of a successful rock journalist) says that he'd like to live in a mansion and doesn't think it's a sin to earn money, there is a tendency for bleeding heart liberals to make him feel sorry for it. I fell into the same trap.

I wouldn't have thought the way to beat society would be to ensconce yourself in a mansion?

"Why not," he glared. "That just means I'm comfortable. It doesn't stop anything I may do other than that, or any activity I might be involved with. If I was financing arms to any cause I support, I certainly wouldn't tell you, would I?"

Too bloody right! So on the day 'Red Red Wine' zoomed to the zenith of the charts, I attempted to lure the very amiable Brian Travers into letting slip some secrets.

"I don't really have much money," he'd explained. "The most I ever had in one lump sum is 5000 pound, but that went long ago. In fact we give quite a lot of it away."

Oh yeah! Who to?

"Well, I'm not going to tell you that. It isn't fair. If you really want to find out you'll have to ask the whole band together." Brian chuckled, knowing full well this was a virtually impossible task.

The source revealed groups don't pay UB40 for support slots, rather the band pay them — a bloody unusual occurence nowadays. And much that is left over is literally given away to various causes (like in the aftermath of the Bristol riots).

I can just imagine UB40's reactions to this long-winded intro. They'll probably scream "What the fucking hell has all this crap got to do with the music."

To which one can only answer plenty, unfortunately. For far too long the critics have been trying to slit the band's throats with an unjustified blade of hyprocrisy. One can only hope the same thing emerges about The Clash someday. But for now, let's shift gear . . .

New album

The forthcoming elpee, *Labour Of Love*, which I haven't yet heard, is a collection of cover versions of early post-ska reggae and rock steady hits. Among the offerings are Jimmy Cliff's 'Many Rivers To Cross', the Wailers' 'Keep On Moving' and the Melodians' 'Sweet Sensation.'

"It wasn't so much that we decided to do an album of cover versions this year," reasoned Robin. "It's a project we've had in mind since we started. It was almost our debut album . . .

"Every one of the songs on the album was to us a reggae hit. 'Red Red Wine', is a Jimmy James hit written for Neil Diamond as well. But we didn't know that until we found out who the publisher was for copyright reasons."

Until then, according to Robin, the band had been convinced the song was orignated by

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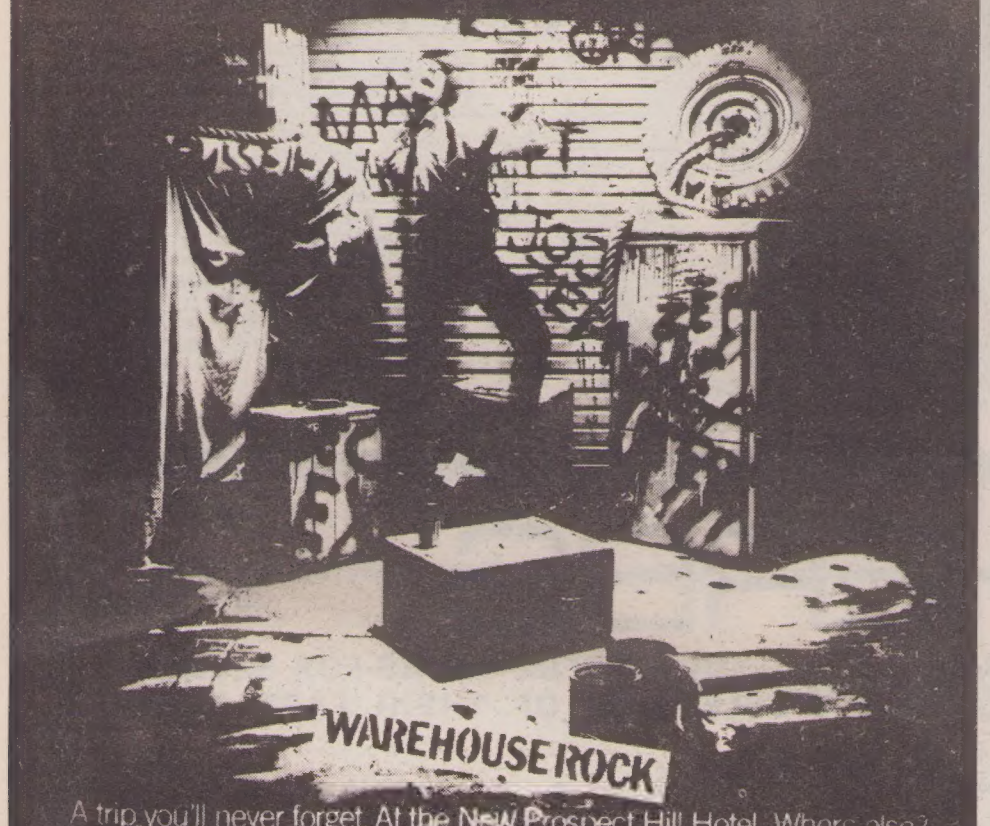

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I-F-I-E-D

Tony Tribe who scored in the early '70s wth the tune in a reggae stylee.

During those years, most of UB40 were "slum kids", hanging around as a loose gang on the streets of Balsal Heath. In-between frequenting cafes and occasional stints heisting cars and shoplifting, the song on 'Labour . . .' were the soundtrack to the band's adolescence.

"There will be a multitude of criticisms about the album," continued Robin. "The lack of political content will be a major one. But the whole point about this album is when we got into reggae it had little to do with politics or Rasta. It was party music, Jamacian pop music. We were convinced if these songs were played on the radio, people would buy them. Mind you, most of the lyrics are fucking awful!"

The new elpee, ironically, illustrates perfectly another dilemma UB40 often find themselves in. The band are childhood mates who originally came together to play reggae music. They found the political content of a lot of reggae crass and simultaneously felt the need to make some of their own comments on what was going down in England while they were on the dole. The latter down in England while they were on the dole. The latter was underscored by magazines, the former overlooked.

So now, one section of apathetic media bozos pigeonhole the band in a "boring politicos" coop, while the other half whine about them being "not militant enough" if they forsake reality lyrics.

Since I reckon both views are transparently spurious, I was really concerned with something totally different . . . The last release was your live album. With these cover version following on, it could be interpreted as some kind of creative despair?

Robin: "Of course, everybody is going to say that. Not having any information at hand, people are going to say various things. 'We've sold out,' or 'It's a pathetic attempt at commercial success following the relative flop of the live album, etc.'

"As it happens it wasn't a flop. It sold in Europe and was a Top Ten album. The same with *44* (their last studio elpee). People keep calling *44* a flop in this country, but it still went to number four and went gold.

"It may be a relative flop to the previous platinum album, but there are reasons for its failure, I think. It wasn't a dance record, whereas people expect a dance record from us. But elsewhere we had great success with '44'. It was album of the year in Holland and went to number one in Zimbabwe."

Zimbabwe?

Robin: "Yeah, We played Zimbabwe last year. They don't have many artists over there. So we were invited (like Marley 24 months earlier) by the government to celebrate Independence Day.

"We went over there and did the big showbiz scene taking out 90 tons of equipment and lights. They'd never seen anything like it. Since we left, every record we've released has gone straight to the top."

As such, when UB40 argue thatr they've helped to popularise reggae at home and abroad, it's a claim to be treated seriously. And if the new elpee takes off in 'Red Wine's' wake, some direct cash injection to at least one major reggae artist should result.

UB40 would like to make Mickey Dread their first outside signing to DEP. The Jumping Master has toured with them in the past and has mixed a forthcoming dud album for the band. It utilises rhythms culled from the '44' elpee and unreleased tracks. Going by Mickey's efforts on the flip side of '. . . Wine', it'll be well worth waiting for.

Other plans being mooted also include trying to get ex-King Tubby's and Channel One Jamaican engineer, Scientist, in for a six month stint at the controls of DEP's 24-track board next year, plus snaring Sly 'n' Robbie, who are due to do some work with Musical Youth.

Projects

Meanwhile the band's members have individual projects lined up and Ali is hoping to produce a single for an Indian named Javid. However . . .

"At the moment, unless we can give financial support to artists there is not much point in signing them," pronounced Robin, beginning to relax in rose wine afterglow.

"We could give them recording time, but that's it. We can't afford to underwrite tours. So we are waiting until we have enough money to give another act the care we give to UB40, otherwise it wouldn't be fair."

As I write, the lilting strains of '. . . Wine' pour out of a late night radio station. Personally, it make me wonder how strangely conservative musical taste is at the moment.

Because except for those who grew up with it, '. . . Wine' is a song of little consequence, albeit infuriating melody. Compared to the astounding 'Love Is All' single last year, which you can find on '44', '. . .Wine' is pretty impotent.

"Love Is All' is the one Tony Blackburn introduced as a nice little love song," Robin smirked with disbelief. Written by him in response to hearing the Beatles' 'Love Is All You Need' on local station BRMB during the psychedelic revival non-event a while back, the UB40 single had sod all to do with infatuation.

"I'm exceedingly anti-hippy," announces Robin. "I'm anti-turn-the-other-cheek, and that's what the song is about. Love is all, is all right, but it's not good enough. There are some people you have to hate with a vengeance."

As the lyrics imply, these people include the Klan (and all extreme right wing groups), the judiciary and the police. While UB40 pose problems in their songs, and can't agree on solutions because they are eight individuals, Robin has his own answer to the leaders of the National Front.

"I'd blow them up. Give me a machine gun and I'd shoot them," he says with bloodcurdling conviction. "I'm sure you could talk many of the rank and file out of it with counter propaganda, since most are ignorant misguided people.

"But people like Webster, I'd f..king shoot. The man is an animal, scum of the earth, and there's no convincing people like that. You couldn't talk Adolf Hitler out of it. The only thing to do is a bullet through the head. Simple as that."

Nice to met some pop stars with brains and integrity for a change, isn't it?

N-E

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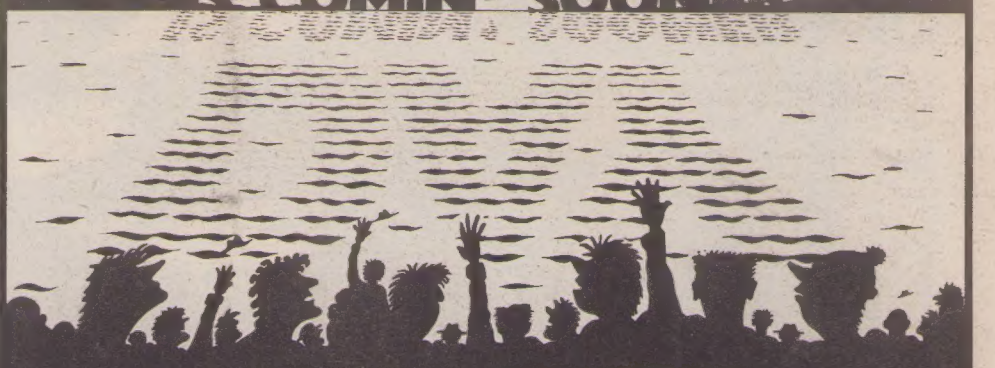

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CHISEL'S MUSIC FROM THE GYM

Michael Morris reports from New Zealand as Cold Chisel kick off their final dates

"Get the f-er down!"

The two nuns sitting right up front of the airplane winced as the cry bounded somewhere from the back, accompanied by much laughter and cheering.

It wasn't the sort of statement one would make to granny for Christmas but it broke the anxiety bubble.

The flight from Auckland to Wellington, you see, was wracked by strong winds that raced up to 160km. Caravans and road signs were being blown over while in the plane, people looking down at the windswept sea could have sworn it was boiling, such was the effect.

At one stage, it looked as though the flight was going to be diverted to Palmerston, what with the sky increasingly turning as black as the devil's elbows after an hour in the coal cellar.

True to form, the Cold Chisel entourage took it all in their stride. As they disembarked from the plane, they noticed that the wind was actually tossing the plane around, and hammed it up, throwing themselves on the tarmac pretending to kiss the earth, walking to the airport building at deliberate 45° angles, or giving relieved thumbs-up to the madly smiling pilot. The airport was closed to all flights minutes later.

The gods, it seemed, were not smiling this day as Chisel rushed through their four final New Zealand shows before doing twenty two (yes, count 'em) in Australia.

The gods were very probably getting pissed at the bar, or waiting in queue for the doors to open, to see Chisel for the last time.

Radio

"They just don't make music like they used to," the cab driver complained, edging his way to the Logan Campbell Centre where Chisel were playing their last in Auckland with local act Martial Law.

"I can't relate to all of THAT," he said passionately, referring to New Order's "Blue Monday" trinkling out of the car radio.

Auckland at rush hour is very much like it is in Brisbane or Adelaide; or, to make a comparison, Melbourne or Sydney at midnight. There's very little night life; the biggest club here is Mainstream, with three other clubs the size of Sydney's Manzil Room or Melbourne's Club.

Radio is mostly government controlled and MOR boring, and even the top rock station Radio Hauruki is going softer. It's the recent setting up of MJK-FM that radio's started to catch up with the Eighties. Radio's not important here; imported copies of *New Musical Express*, *Juke* and *Melody Maker* are the trend makers. Club DJs check out what acts are happening from the stories, play their records in the clubs and sales build up that way. The one local music paper, the excellent *Rip It Up* has been going strong for years; the TV rock shows have little impact.

So what's all this background on Auckland's social scene (or lack thereof) got to do with Cold Chisel?

Well, simply, one can imagine the excitement Chisel would have caused when a band of their stature came through.

Their last three albums *East*, *Swing Shift* and *Circus Animals* all went platinum, the latter went to No.1. In fact the last time Chisel tore through town, the album was sitting at top spot while "Forever Now" was No. 2.

On the afternoon of the Chisel date, they would have been the main point of conversation. While some kids waited outside the hall, the more adventurous tried to hunt down Chisel's hotel, sneaking into the lobby or into the bar hoping to catch a glimpse of a famous face . . . or, at best, an invitation to the night's loud revelry.

Back in the cab, cars whizzed by and traffic limped as MJK switched to yet another Chisel golden oldie called "Khe Sanh", instantly overpowering the car with a wonderfully raunchy sound, filling the driver with an uncontrollable urge to press down the accelerator and smash through the traffic. "Now THAT'S a rock and roll band", he euphorically uttered.

The on-going traffic surged forward. "I'm married to an Australian girl, you know, I used to live there years ago. Cold Chisel," he sighed romantically. "I remember the first time I saw them. I can't remember where, Bondi Lifesaver or one of those places. Had to queue for *hours*. God, they used to look such rough buggers, unshaven long haired bastards . . . Jimmy was such a mean looking c-t.

"Ya know what," he asked as the Vietnam cold turkey faded into yesteryear, "they still are the best. Yeah," he philosophically reflected, easing the car up to the LCC doors, "Chisel are still the best. I bet they really kick arse tonight."

It's not just the original Chisel freaks who remember the group. There were many who climbed on for the ride when hit singles like "Choir Girl" and "Forever Now" enticed them to the live shows, where they'd eagerly recall the shattering impact of Chisel onstage when "Shipping Steel" and "Astrid" made more sense, when the red lights magic glowed brighter in their harsh natural setting.

In a way, Chisel's demise is an utter waste. Nevertheless, it exhibited the high ethics they held for each other. They finish up as a band that is still tight and cohesive, holding their heads up proudly until the very last note. Not crumbled or defeated. The decision to quit was done in a rational and practical manner: we've just been to Europe and it's going to be a long haul for us. Do we want to stay together? Or do we knock it on the head when we're still on top?

What's more they never got swallowed up by the pop system either. When they scored all those *Countdown* awards via *TV Week* they pushed the awards back in the presenters' faces: I never saw you at the Old Lion, Jimmy Barnes yelled angrily. Where were you when we needed you, when our arses were falling out of our jeans? It was in line with the band stopping midsong if any of the fans were unduly hassled by bouncers or other such gorillas, and having minimal contact with the media on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

It's such a hippy term, I know, but they were a people's band.

Full house

The LCC had not sold out as quickly as the Australian shows had, but by show time, the 2000 capacity hall had filled out.

The audience sounded as if it was trying to emulate the crowds on *Swing Shift* and screams of "we want Chisel" increased as the evening went on.

With very little of the props used by today's band — grant lighting scale, or films, or giant effects — to detract from the music, Chisel powered straight into "Wild Colonial Boy", with a furious energy that never let up.

Steamroller — that's the only word to describe them. The crowds came to hear Chisel play their numbers in that ferocious manner, and that's exactly what they got. For a bit over two hours, they crashed through "Star Hotel", "Merry Go Round", "My Turn To Cry" . . .

Midway through, they pulled out the plug. Barnes, lurching all over the stage stared out at the crowd, obviously feeling a bit peevish the Auckland crowd hadn't gone as over the top as he'd wanted.

"Are you enjoying it so far," he grunted in that thick Gorbals brogue.

The crowd replied with a roar.

Ian Moss, the delicate introverted Ian Moss, stepped into the spotlight, and caressed his axe into "One Long Day", sparking off enough dynamics so the second part of the show visibly lifted. The energy level and Barnes' magnetic presence is the main asset of the show: it's like a gym workout. They never let up, virtually no pauses between numbers.

By the end of the show, they were an uncontrollable runaway engine, the rhythm section punching viciously on the heels of the front line, most of Barnes' lyrics disappearing in the white blur as they pounded out "Wild Thing", got called back to ship steel through three encores and finally bowed out with "Goodbye Astrid".

Cold Chisel's music is hardly what you'd call innovative or left of centre. But where the magic and mythology of rock and roll — its flash, image and intelligence — came together, they created a frighteningly awesome noise. And even if you couldn't accept their music or questioned their validity within '80s format, you had to marvel at Moss' lovely guitarwork, the cleverness of Walker's lyrics, Barnes' amazing audience communication, and the rhythm section's piledriving.

America's Cup

The week that Chisel played at the Christchurch Town Hall was also the week that one of the dailies ran a cartoon about the America's Cup fiasco with the punch line "it's hard to be humble when you're Australian".

Certainly there's nothing shy or modest about Chisel's attack. But it's the atmosphere that causes the electricity at the shows to reach the dangerous red zone.

It's like when Barnes, angered by the bouncers' refusal to allow those in the balcony to dance, called to a persistent kid to come down and dance on the stage. The kid, exhilirated beyond belief, rose to the occasion: he stripped off his T-shirt and threw himself into his antics.

Backstage, Chisel's manager yelled "I thought we were going to have topless *female* go-go dancers."

It's when Barnes dived repeatedly into the audience or, when a fight broke out during "It's Only Make Believe", roared with such anger at the trouble-makers that they visibly slunk out. Or, during "Don't Let It Go" when he leaped onto the speakers and onto the upstairs seating area, exhorting everyone to dance.

Or caused an estimated $2500 worth of damage to microphones and other equipment in the four shows, flinging mike stands onto the floor with gay abandon. And to cap off the show, Barnes threw out cans of cold Fosters beer, grabbed the bucket where they were stored, and threw the melting ice over the front rows.

★ ★ ★

The B-side of their next single is about a fan that wrote to Jimmy Barnes for seven years.

Obviously, Barnes' sex symbol image has a lot to do with their appeal. This is the man who once boasted to a Sydney newspaper that he'd screwed more than a thousand girls. Not even his marraige and fatherhood has prevented the more imaginative damsels from living out their sad flights of fancy.

The crowd waiting outside the Wellington venue looked up when the undistinguished looking blonde, her eyes far away on mandies, staggered up.

"Has my Jimbo come," she pouted under a blonde quiff. Barnes hadn't, and she looked disappointed. She looked around and said the whole waiting game was dull.

"Jimbo and the Yum-Yums are the only ones worth seeing," she announced. She always referred to Chisel as the Yum Yums, she babbled. Her delicate ear was ravaged by someone blasting out Blancmange on the trannie. "I mean", she continued, "who'd want to listen to whoever the f-k *that* is."

The singer from a local heavy rock band staggered by, clutching a bottle of whiskey. He virtually drained the bottle in one slug. He collapsed, taking a bench and someone's purse down with him. He was obviously enjoying himself.

"Is he drunk?" said the blonde.

"He's Scottish."

"They're *all* like that, aren't they?"

She was still there about twenty minutes later when a couple of Wellington's finest took the singer away. They tore his trousers off and his rather fetching puce underpants slipped down his knees.

"I can't possibly watch," the blonde grimaced. "What a horrible physique. All flabby. Not hard and firm like my Jimbo."

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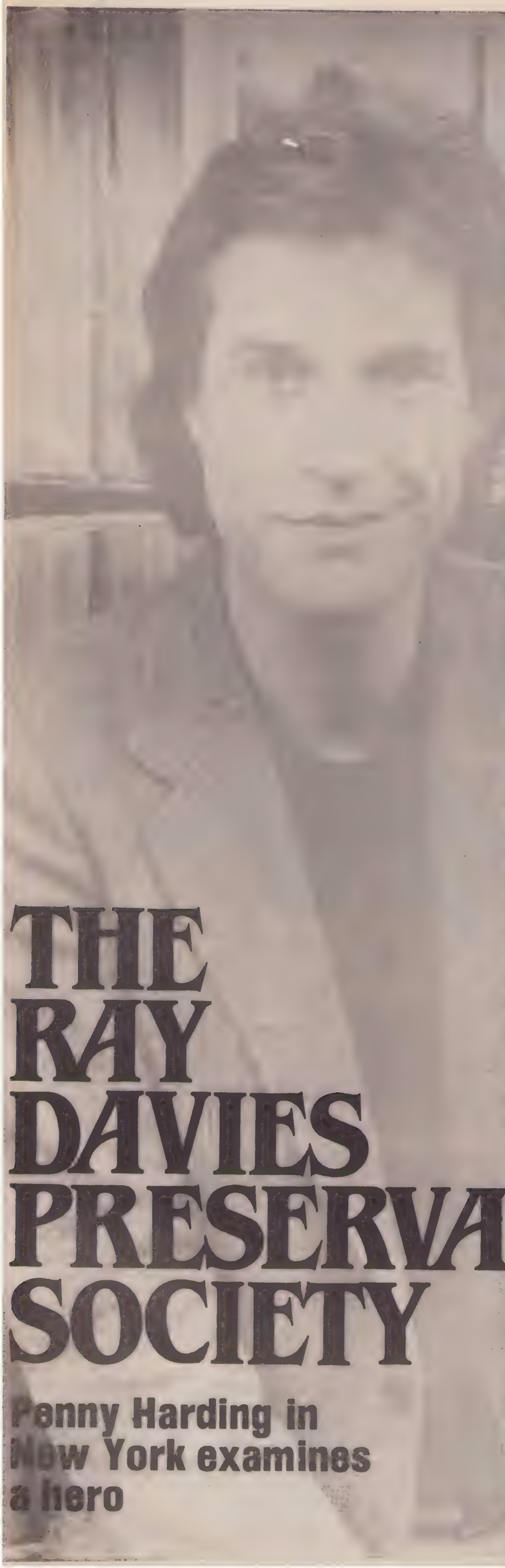


THE RAY DAVIES PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Penny Harding in New York examines a hero

The Kinks, above all, take their time.

Where other bands press on down the broad neon-lit motorway to stardom or scrap heap, the Kinks have meandered down leafy lanes and byways, picking out what interests, checking out the colour and texture of the leaves, looking in the gutter, glancing back over their shoulders to see whether that last field was a bit greener than this one.

Their leisurely attitude has been all-pervasive and totally in keeping with both Ray Davies' unique songs and the rather haphazard framework of their live performances.

"We like to take our time," says Ray Davies.

Lazy?

"Er, yeah. It takes time for us to get something together. But once we start, we do it. The most important thing is that we're still together. I think there were times when we could have been an enormous worldwide ban⁴, but we probably would have broken up about it."

The Kinks' "Come Dancing" marks a return to the charts for a group who've been on the go for 19 years. In England, the Kinks are all but has-beens, best known for their work in the '60s and early '70s and better known as a band that influenced the Brit punks, particularly the Jam. In America, the locals are fascinated with his Britishness and their last few LPs have gone gold.

As a result, Davies splits his time between "modest flats" in London and New York where he lives with Pretender Chrissie Hynde and their eight month old daughter, Natalie.

Sportily elegant in crisp flared slacks, pale pink spotshirt and Italian loafers, Davies remains one of the true eccentrics of British rock. This is the man who said he couldn't get enough peace to write songs, so he booked a VIP flight on a jet to New York and wrote on the quiet flight over.

This is the man who wrote "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" after a punchup in a nightclub with a trendy, the man who wrote "Around The Dial" after he read an article about a disc jockey in Buffalo who got fired for playing the records he liked although they weren't on the playlist, and the man who was inspired to write "Come Dancing" after seeing his sister's scrapbook of the days she used to go ballroom dancing.

"I'm a dreamer, and I lose out because of it," Davies says in his characteristic shy way, which he undercuts with an occasional flash of his lopsided smile. "To survive, I must come in terms with the outside world. I try to do that in my music.

Dreamers

"I try to show the world to other dreamers and say 'there's nothing to worry about; see the nice things, the things you never notice'.

"I love to watch. The other day I went to Waterloo station and spent an hour watching people get out of trains. I just wondered who they are and where they were going. When I was in L.A. a couple of months ago I stood on the pier somewhere and I was totally confused — I was happy because I wasn't doing anything, yet at that time, I was also confused because I know WHY I was happy."

It's moments like these which help create Kinks songs. If he's feeling nostalgic or reflective, we'll get something like "Waterloo Sunset" or "Heart Of Gold" (written not about Chrissie but after Ray read an article about Princess Anne which tore strips off her for her clottish display of temper). Moments of vitriol exude in "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" or "State Of Confusion". Those compositions, whether they be of existential angst or vulnerable self declarations, are given more power and capability through brother Dave's punky power-chord work. For someone whose songs embody sharp definitation and description, it's almost surprising to hear him confess that they evolve very casually and slowly.

"Certain moments and moods tap parts of my memory, and that's how they start out. I have to trivialise things or else I'd become too intellectual and brooding. A good example would be 'Catch Me Now I'm Falling'. I wasn't thinking about making it a compassionate number about America.

"As with most of my songs, it started out with a totally different theme. I started writing it about an ex-friend. Then I had to go to the supermarket where I bumped into John and Yoko, and as I walked down the aisles a woman was complaining about the price of cornflakes to her friend. That's where that hook 'This is Captain America' came from.

"So basically, it's easy to look back and say 'ahh, that's how it happened. A song from friendship turned into one about America simply because of a walk to the supermarket'. And that's exactly what happened, although I'm never conscious of it at that time. I just let it come naturally.

"The same thing happened with 'Waterloo Sunset'. I wanted to actually write a song about a boy and girl but as an outsider watching them. I went past a film poster advertising *Far From The Madding Crowd* and the two people in the song, Terry and Julie came from the two people in the movie, Terry Stamp and Julie Christie.

"By the time I finished the song, it'd become a song about a railway station. I didn't even intend it to be about Waterloo Station. I was going to place it in Liverpool, but around that time the Beatles came out with 'Penny Lane' which was all about Liverpool so I changed mine."

Davies gently disavows any Marxist aspect to his relentless reportage of the dreary day to day. "I can't have a political philosophy," he insists, "because I don't belong to any class."

And how has Davies avoided class affiliation?

"By playing rock and roll," comes the graceful answer.

This man even admits that he'd be an outsider at a Kinks convention.

"I would, I really would," a touch of desperation creeps into the voice. "I'd be a total outsider. I'd be an intruder".

The Kinks began as the Ravens, formed in London by 15-year old Dave Davies, Peter Quaife (bass) and Mick Avory who'd briefly drummed for an early incarnation of the Rolling Stones. In 1964, they were joined by Dave's older brother, founder of an amateur blues band and art college student so (who wasn't?).

"When you are moderately working class in London, there is no other outlet but to go to art school. You couldn't say 'I wanna be a musician'. At the secondary school I went to, the high school, I was real good at painting anyway. I would have had a great career out of it.

"At school they used to tell me 'well, you've got A's in art and literature so why not do something with that?' and I'd say 'yes, but there are no jobs going for that, I'm going to try an assembly line gig at Fords'. When I left school I got work in an architect office for six months and hated it, so I applied for art college and got straight in.

"I did that for two years and passed the course, and then they suggested I take another three year course which would allow me to start teaching it. But I realised that by the time I finished the course, the standards would have been so far behind by then.

Impressionist

"And I was right. You look back at art then, in the early '60s and you'll see that art's really changed now. Photographers can do virtually the same job and the impressionists are just doing copies for chocolate boxes."

What sort of music had he been playing at that time?

"Soccer and music, actually. I played soccer for Finchley Football Club on Saturdays, training two nights a week — Rod Stewart used to play there as well — and the other three nights a week I played in a blues club . . . a series of blues clubs actually. I finished playing at 4 in the morning, walking home to Highgate, sleeping for a few hours and then getting up and going to college.

"But I was good at college, I passed all the exams. I really like that time. I also did drama college on the weekend. I left college because I saw no future in painting. My best friend stayed on and ended up committing suicide because he never ended up doing what he wanted to.

"And he was such a brilliant player, too. One time the Rolling Stones played our college, and this friend of mine jumped on stage and pushed their piano player Ian Stewart away, and played himself. Ian was just amazing, he couldn't get over what a good player he was."

The Ravens changed their name to the Kinks when Ray, dressed like a fop in a gray pullover, tweed trousers and bright orange tie, walked into the recording studios and was told "now you really look like a kink."

The Kinks' third single "You Really Got Me" hit No. 1 in England, No. 7 in the States and Top 10 in Australia, while its successor "All Day And All Of The Night" was equally ferocious. Dave Davies managed to develop that primitive fuzz tone effect on the discs by slicing the speakers of his small amp with a razor blade and then feeding the distorted sound through a larger amp.

"Do you want to know the story of 'You Really Got Me'. They made it at Pye (the Kinks' first record label) and I didn't like it. I refused to put it out and said I'd rather quit the band. It sounded like Phil Spector and I wanted it to sound horrible and cheap. They told me I was mad but they'd give me 150 pounds which is like $300 and told me to go in another studio and that if I blew it, they'd pull my fingernails out. We went in there, made it in three hours and it was a hit."

The record's long been a centre of controversy . . . that it was sessions player Jimmy Page who played the solo on the disc, not Dave Davies, The brothers have angrily denied this while Page has strangely remained uninterested.

"I don't believe those rumours would have come from him. Maybe his manager, not him. I can't see what he'd gain from that. He played rhythm guitar on 'Lover Not A Fighter' but I played the solo on that track, and he played tambourine on 'Long Tall Shorty'. In those days the Kinks were considered the hot band so all the session boys used to come to watch us. I mean, Jon Lord (who later joined Deep Purple and is now with Whitesnake) was playing organ on 'Long Tall'.

"Look, I'd be the first to say Dave's not the greatest guitarist in the world. But he created a sound of his own, and I don't think any bullshit should take that credit away from him. The guitar player on 'You Really Got Me' is Dave Davies. There was another guitarist, Jim somebodyorrather. I wanted three guitarists playing the riff, so Jim played the same riff behind us, but Dave definitely took that solo."

How did he view his role as producer of the Kinks? Did he have total control?

"No, I let the players do their playing. Dave and I fight the most because he does most of the playing and we fight over the solos. He likes to keep it rough and I like to add a bit of synthesiser. Usually what I do is, I tell him what I want, then I'll go away and play snooker while he gets the sound that he wants, then I come back and mix the sound to a compromise.

"What we're trying to get on the records is atmosphere. You can get all the studio tricks and instrumental prowess but when you go back and listen to all those great rock records which inspired you — James Brown, Martha & Vandellas' 'Dancing In The Street', Otis Redding — there were no great instrumental capabilities there, just a really good, heavy atmosphere.

"It's a pity that rock criticism has become so serious that it's lost all touch with the emotional aspect of music. That's all punk was — bravado and ego. If you don't have any ego then you should quit this business. To me, punk rock is me and Dave on a Saturday morning, playing

our favourite records and trying to play the chords.

"That's a feeling I've always wanted to retain on our records. You'll fine it there on our last album."

Chronology

The history of the Kinks can be divided easily into:

(1) Early days — from formation to the series of R&B singles, all which were regurgitated during punk and are now part of a staple diet for every garage band around the world.

(2) 1965-67: their golden period where "Waterloo Sunset" "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion", "Sunny Afternoon" set them up as one of the *great* bands. Ray Davies stood alone as pop writer — a brooding romantic writer who wished he'd never been born in the 20th century and spent more time watching the world than becoming involved in it. While other British writers like Lennon, McCartney, Jagger, Townshend, Marriott through their new found 'idol' status either became arty or self indulgent or introverted, Davies remained the watch tower.

1968-69: the Kinks get lost in the shuffling as a second generation of rock bands comes into the picture. Davies starts to get into concept albums like *The Kinks At The Village Green Preservation Society* and *Arthur*. In Britain and Australia, they retain their following through "Days" and "Victoria", but in America they run into all sorts of problems.

Their sloppy stage show and frequent brawling onstage (one time Dave Davies forgot the words to his solo single, another time he was so angry that their keyboardsplayer went off in a drunken sleep onstage that he thumped him, and then started a brawl with their drummer) alienated the unknowing media, while their appearing on TV once without union permission had them banned by the American Federation of Musicians for three years. That alone kills them for making it to the big league in the States.

1970: "Lola", the controversial transvestite song, gives them their first hit. In Australia, "Apeman" is also a hit, although it's their last hit for a very long time.

Unlike bands of their vintage — most particularly the Who and the Rolling Stones, the Kinds have never suffered from any sort of identity problem.

Unlike the Who, they never aligned themselves too closely with youth and rebelliousness, hence they never went through any self doubt as to their validity in '80s rock world. They've never been tainted with the "hypocrites" tag that the Stones have been tarnished with. In a way, of course, the Kinks lose out because they'll never achieve their fame or the success but the Kinks still remain.

The one problem they have is that established American critics who'd championed the Kinks in the late Sixties, have hit out at how they seemed to have lost their magic and creativity. Basically it seems to be more a reaction than a band that was considered a critics darling is now centre of teen hysteria by a generation that obviously wasn't around when the Kinks released their primal discs on Pye in the mid-60s.

How did Ray feel about kids coming to see them who'd probably think that "Lola" was their first ever hit?

"I don't really think you can associate age with rock and roll any more. The day when rock and roll was considered a youth thing and where a rock star had to die before he was 25 to have credibility are long gone. I think it's an issue with people in the music industry or old time fans who're feeling old and can't relate to what's going on in music today.

"Chrissie Hynde turned 30 last year and isn't ashamed of it. Ian Dury and Mick Jagger are still rocking away. Bill Wyman is 45 and the Stones still swing better than any other rock band. The Stones have just completed their most successful tour ever, they're bigger now than they've ever been.

"There's s certain element of timelessness in rock and roll, and I'm not sure that these 15-year-old kids who think 'Lola' is going back a long way (laughs) are concerned. If they like the record, then they got to the concert. If they like the concert, then they'll come back again. That's what it boils down to. They're not hung about the fact that Mick Jagger's just younger than their fathers. And why should they?"

"It's a case of taking an old story on. I got that when I heard Bowie's "Ashes To Ashes", where he was developing the Major Tom character and I thought, hmm, why shouldn't I do that too? It goes down well with the crowd, because they suss out what I'm trying to do."

Did he think the Kinks' three year ban in the U.S. stopped them from becoming superstars. By the time 1969 came along, the Stones had become mythical and the Who were doing Woodstock.

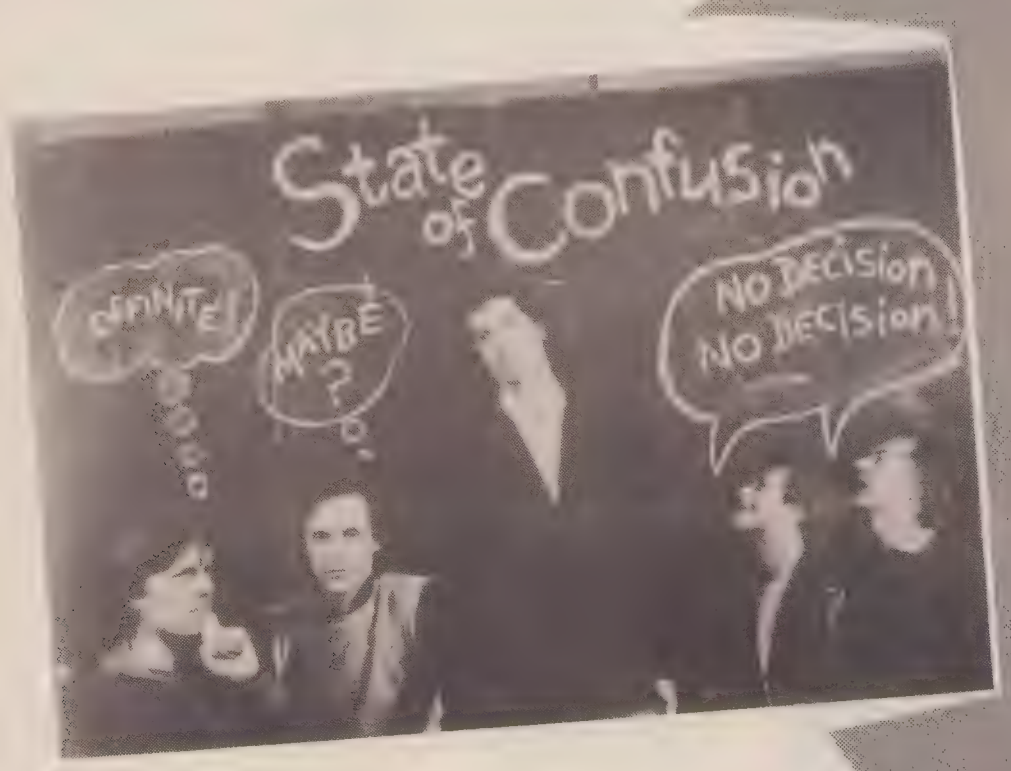
"Yes, certainly in America. They were playing huge arenas and we were opening in clubs, absolute nobodies."

What had made him start writing serious social stuff? Had there been a specific incident?

"Funny you should ask, but there was. The first song I did in that vein was 'Well Respected Man'. It came after we'd done an American tour. I've never seen myself as a pop star, just a guy from Muswell Hills who'd got married to a girl who was pregnant and no matter how everyone in the world screamed over the smgs, was living in a cheap $25 apartment.

"But when we came back from that tour, we went to a posh hotel in Exeter and there was all these posh guys who normally wouldn't have anything to do with me, but they new I was in a rock and roll band and at that time it was very chic to hang around with pop stars. They wanted me to have a drink, let's play golf, that sort of thing, and I said no, 'you're not gonna achieve social status so you can tell your phoney friends that you've got a pop star as a friend'.

"It's the same thing with Lennon. They tried to use him as a dupe, so he attacked back with angry words, like 'Nowhere Man'. And that's the same with me. It wasn't just rich people either. For 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion', I went to one of those horrible trendy's parties where everyone came in the very latest clothes and I turned up in a pullover and they were making snide remarks about me, so I had a punch up with this creepy fashion designer and I decided to write a song about him.



1971-76: a long period of no hits. They toured Australia a couple of times and were blown off by their Australian support acts. In England and America they employ horn section and incorporate segments of vaudeville into their act. On July 15, 1973 Davies suddenly announces he's going to quit rock with the simple statement "I just wanted to say goodbye and thank you for all you've done." The decision is caused by anxiety and exhaustion after his wife left him, taking their two children. He "un-retires" a week later.

Their four concept albums and theatrical presentations during this time take them further out into the wilderness. Disillusionment sets in the ranks because of low record sales, and at some point or other, Ray, Dave and Mick Avory announce their decision to leave the band, although they always return. The Kinks leave RCA for Arista Records.

1977-78: a comeback. After Davies decides to finish off with concept LPs and stops stretching ideas over album-sides, he comes up with one of his best albums ever, *Sleepwalker*. More lineup changes within the ranks, and *Misfits* is a letdown after the promise of *Sleepwalker* although it contains one classic track, "A Rock'n'Roll Fantasy" where he implores an unnamed band member not to leave the Kinks because of what the band means to the fans.

1979-82: A breakthrough in America, where *Low Budget* goes gold and the critics start to drool over their live shows. By now Davies is living in New York and the lyrics reflect the depression and glimpses of optimism. Their double live *One For The Road* shows how they're sharing a double generation of fans.

Around this time, the Kinks' importance is understated by the way their songs are covered. Van Halen cut a hit version of "You Really Got Me" and then "Where Have All The Good Times Gone", the Pretenders' "Stop Your Sobbing" and "I Go To Sleep" and the Jam's "David Watt."

Although they've reverted to being a cult band in Australia, the Kinks grow in strength in the U.S. Their 26th album *Give The People What They Want* shows their sound becoming even more heavy metal than before and in late 1981 they undertake their biggest grossing U.S. tour ever.

1983 — "Come Dancing", plus their 27th album, sees them back on the charts in America Ray Davies and Chrissie Hynde are living together and become parents.

Did the rise of video, and particularly MTV in America, help the Kinks? Did he find he was writing songs with specific images in mind?

"Well, that's how 'Come Dancing' was written, with a specific movie in my head. It's possibly the first time that a vocal was done over the phone. When we were doing the song and there's that line 'I saw them in the moonlight, kissing by the garden gate' I thought it'd be nice to have a segment where the girl's mother comes out and catches them smooching and goes out of control.

"So I called an actress I'd worked with before, called Kate Williams, and asked her to sing something over the phone. I edited out the best bits and used it.

"The interesting thing, though, is that having a movie in my head when I'm writing a song is always the way I've done it. That's how I wrote 'Waterloo Sunset' and all the other songs. It helps to keep my detachment to the song, to remain the observer, rather than write about how I love you, baby, all that sort of stuff."

There are the critics who've maintained that he sold out when he tried to write a disco hit on "Superman" and that he actually plagiarised not only from other bands (in "Catch Me Now I'm Falling" the riff was nicked from "Jumpin' Jack Flash", "Definite Maybe" is similar to the Yardbirds' "Over Under Sideways Down" while "Destroyer" harked back to their own "All Day"). How did he react? With bristling anger, actually.

"Well, that's bullshit. When journalists brought that up, earlier this year, I told them I'd never heard some of the songs I was supposed to have ripped off, and in any case, I didn't sit down and try that.

"Those songs are much different to what we've done. In a way, rock and roll is all about using influences. Pete Townshend told me that when they first started recording, they were trying to get a Kinks-type sound. A lot of the newer bands do the same; it's a melting pot, really, where things might sound familiar but they're not meant to be.

"The 'Destroyer' thing came when we were fooling around in the studios. We were throwing riffs and ideas around and then we came up with 'All Day' and it fell together beautifully. There was a real excitement, and I couldn't afford not to use it. I don't see it as plagiarising my own past, as *Creem* magazine said.

"Do you know what the nicest thing is? That phrase, dedicated follower of fashion, that's now become a standard expression in the London papers. It's great."

How true was "Lola?"

"It wasn't in Soho, it was a Paris club called the Castelles where we used to hang out. There used to be sexes of every description there. (Pause, obviously not wanting to give too much away). This interview's for Australia, isn't it? They banned 'Lola' at first, you know. Which is strange, because Australia's got one of the biggest gay populations in the world. But 'Lola' had lots of characters, men and women, rolled into one song."

He said before how one of his lines had become a standard English expression among journos. How would history books say that the Kinks affected or contributed to pop music?

"It's a hard one. I can't say. Outsiders will have to tell the Kinks how they've contributed to music. I still see us as the sloppy band that got onstage at the Maxwell Hill Youth Club in 1964 and tried to get the kids dancing.

"I'm not saying that the Kinks haven't progressed over the years. Obviously we've learned to play better, the lyrics are sharper . . . whatever. But we haven't got past that church hall in 1964, really. We've always wanted to make music that got people dancing, and made them think too. We haven't changed our minds about that at all.

"When you think about it, that's about all a bunch of musicians like the Kinks can do, really."

He's remained the same person too, he adds, except these days he's now a daddy to three girls (the first two, he can't see, through a court order and can only write to them) and goes jogging every day before going into the studio or studying to write songs.

"I am never happier than when I'm working".

What things aren't so busy he and Chrissie go to the cinema a lot, although currently Davies is busy working on a musical play for Britain's Channel 4 early next year. It's a follow on from the time *Soap Opera* was screened on British TV in the early '70s.

ANNABEL LAMB: Riding Out The Storm

Annabel Lamb is that rarest of things in the modernist pop pantheon: the artist who defies glib catergorisation. When even the best of 'em can be summed up as "HM", "heavy rock" or "Synthpop", Annabel has escaped the trap. Not by being weird but by making a debut album *Once Bitten* which was so passionate, yet precise, tough but touchable

She's a singer/songwriter but don't compare her to those early Seventies' 57 varieties of wimps. Instead, compare her to Neil Young, another adventurer who refused to be pinned down by genre politics.

The surprising thing though, is that Lamb has just had a minor hit overseas with a cover of the Doors classic "Riders On The Storm". This was not an attempt to have A Hit Single but a childhood wish come true.

What happened was basically I always wanted to cover a Doors song 'cos I've loved them since I was very small. My sisters had all these records and I was hearing when I was like eight' Even then I loved the sound of Jim

Morrison's voice though [illegible] of what the lyrics [illegible] Also, I was [illegible] keyboard [illegible]

Flash forward to age 26. Annabel has signed to A&M and is rarin' to go! She had three Doors songs she wanted to record 'Riders', 'The End' and 'Crystal Ship'. Then Annabel hears that Ray Manzarek, the Doors keysboardsplayer is also signed to A&M. Wheels are set in motion and before you know it, Manzarek is listening to a tape of her voice, agreeing it suited 'Riders' and suggesting she come to Los Angeles to record it'

He also played the piano solo on it just like the original, same sound and everything. We went to California to record it . . . everybody told me I'd hate it there but I just loved it. It was very weird to meet someone like that who you'd been listening to on records all these years.'

Lamb's version of "Storm" is as stinky and creepy as the original, and features a wild guitar solo by a young kid called Alan Johaness, who'd never heard the song before. He asked to hear the track once, turned to the wall and ripped off the solo.

Flushed with the success of her single, Lamb is heading back to L.A. to cut her second LP. No Doors covers this time, she promises. She's already had enough problems convincing some people she cut "Riders" because she loved the song, not because she wanted to cash in on the current Doors revival.

Did she see problems with her record company marketing her when she was hard to put into safe categories?

Not with A&M, she replies, because she signed with them simply because they'd allowed fine talents like Joan Armatrading and Joe Jackson to flower at their own pace rather than rush them into the charts with drek.

"It's really hard to decide how to market something new," she emphasises with a graceful hint of hesistancy. "And I'd LIKE to think I'm fairly original!

"I always find that people have to box you somewhere, they don't feel secure if they haven't got something to hang on you. If it's good they'll say something like 'she's as evocative as Marianne Faithfull'. If it's bad well there was one this week said I was trying to be an upper crust Toyah! I can't imagine how anyone . . . " she gasps, lost for words.

"They've got to find someone to compare you with, they can't ever say MAYBE it's new, maybe it's original . . . "

— CHRIS BURKHAM

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Garry Bushell goes on a bender with RAINBOW

"You'd better have this," Ritchie Blackmore grunts by way of a greeting, thrusting an unconvincing plastic skeleton mask into my mitts.

I obviously look more thrown than Eric Bristow's best darts, so the grim guitarist expands mysteriously: "You've got to be my decoy . . ."

He clambers into the back of an anonymous looking van, its paintwork as white as shaving cream.

"Couldn't we have got one a bit older?" he moans. "This one's a bit obvious."

In his hand is a walkie-talkie matched by the one clutched by his personal assistant, the affable and unflappable Barry Ambrosio, who bundles me and photographer Tony "Wot? My round?" Motram into a less discreet hire car.

Trading mumbled progress reports, van and car proceed with military precision towards tonight's gig at Liverpool's Royal Court Theatre. (Ritchie's banned from the Empire for trashing the Royal Box in '77).

The elaborate precautions are easily explained by the sight of hundreds of denim and leather disciples milling around the stage door. The logic behind my dodgy decoy disguise is equally as apparent.

As we approach people stare and point, and . . .hey who wuz that masked man? The sense of a skeleton mask in depression blitzed Liverpool sinks in thirty seconds too late. Think of the pasty colouring, the billiard cue baldness, the bone structure, it could only be one man — NORMAN TEBBITT!

Lynch mobs are formed and unprintable insults rend the air. In the confusion Ritchie had planned to nip out the back of the van and into the gig unnoticed. Only someone opened the side door instead so he had to brave the fervent throng anyway.

"I told you we should have driven right onto the stage," the transmitter in Barry's motor crackles reluctantly before Mr B is swallowed up — well, nibbled at least — by an adoring mob.

Their excitement was understandable. After all, this was Rainbow's first British date for two years. The Man In Black was back — but he almost didn't make it. In the less hectic confines of his dressing room Ritchie confides news of a disconcerting back problem.

"It started two years ago," the man reveals over his customary large scotch and coke. "I started getting this weird feeling in my left hand as I was playing. The doctor said it was slight arthritis between the fifth and sixth vertebrae. It's been getting progressively worse.

"You see the guitar strap pinches a nerve and the nerve numbs the hand. I had to go to a physiotherapist to learn correct posture and exercises to stop the relevant muscles from atropying.

"It got kinda worrying — it's my life! And it's downright depressing cos I'm an active person. I don't like to curb my interests, football, etc. Maybe it's a sign of, hey, time for you to get out. I'm sure you'll get lots of people in your mailbag saying 'yeah — get out now'."

Maybe, but I'm sure the two packed houses here in the 'Pool would have a few things to say about that.

Baron Blackmore, typically, manages to find a knife to twist. "The worse thing in the world is the sympathy though," he grimaces. "I went to rehearsals with a sign saying 'No I'm not alright, so don't ask me,' what the hell can you do about it anyway?"

The same macabre humour colours Ritchie's contributions to the new Rainbow tour programme — eg what's your happiest experience?" Happiness . . .what's that?" Though of course he *should* be happy having just master-minded Rainbow's most satisfying album for some time.

Released in Britain last week *Rent Out Of Shape* is a sparkling showcase for the band's expansive talents, though naturally the more alert amongst you will have already noted the full mouth-watering review in last week's exciting edition.

Defying a grim warning sign of 'Keep out — this means YOU' on the dressing room door I barged in like a simple-minded donkey to catch Ritchie bathing his back in steaming hot towels before strapping himself up in a complex array of braces.

As usual, the dressing room scene supplied a colourful cornucopia of revelations. Mottram noticed the free beer, sorry, the unusual concave frets on the Baron's Fender Strat — he'd done it himself "To slow me down, I'm getting too fast". He almost grins. "No, it gives me better note control."

And there were plenty of interesting stories surrounding the recording of 'Down To Earth' in a haunted French mansion (more soon), not least Mr Cozy Powell's keeness to play table tennis out-weighing his keeness to play drums. Seems he refused to do more than one take on 'Since You've Been Gone' and Rainbow manager, amiable American Bruce Payne, claims to have supplied the fills himself on his briefcase.

The relative failure of 'Street Of Dreams' in the UK provokes Ritchie to muse, "I didn't realise how completely disco orientated the UK charts have become. It was obviously the wrong single for England, but I'm not sure what to bring out next. I had thought of doing a rougher live mix of 'Stranded' — but who would it appeal to? The fans would already have a version on the album and the housewives wouldn't buy it. Actually I've been thinking of doing different, harder mixes on all our European releases, leaving the very polished sound for American releases."

The biggest thing on my mind was the departure of bawdy Brooklynite beat-basher Bobby Rondinelli (ne Ron Dinelli).

"He was one of the nicest people we ever had in the band," the Baron admits, "let's just say there was a timing discrepancy there."

No such problems for Bob's superb replacement Chuck Burgi — he's really given the band a lift live. Having previously worked with Al Dimeola, McLaughlin *et al*, Chuck's just what Ritchie wanted: "A jazz drummer with rock overtones because Rainbow are a sophisticated band and we didn't need another BASHER."

Virgin

Tonight was Burgi's live debut. It was also the band's first gig since December — and I had to swear an oath in blood not to review it on pain of imprisonment in Evan Grove's bedroom.

I don't know whether it was the band's 'virgin' state or the pain, but Ritchie swigged about three times as much scotch as normal pre-gig. Natch this didn't impair his live performance — he's too professional for that — but it did seem to sharpen up his awesome piss-taking prowess post-gig.

One lovely lump (see previous feature for coarse definition) called Angela was given the full Python 'Sir Edward' treatment (ie "You don't mind if I call you Angie-baby, do you" etc).

"We share everything," he told her, pointing suggestively in my direction and following that through with: "Did you mention nipples? I did once but I think I got away with it?" — an inebriated tribute to comedy's cool ruler Sir Basil of Fawlty.

Regular perusers of Rainbow ruses will be privy to Blackmore's penchant for setting people up with transvestites (I got my scallie spy Al Turner to supply a list of clubs to avoid in just in case — Hoxton's? Are you sure?). Usually it's Halfin who suffers (?) but I think Mottram must have got wind of similar plots against his person (and pig-tail) cos he spent the second night in a different hotel!

Back in the bar Blackmore was on top form. "What do you think about . . . ah . . . what do you think in general?" he asked one unsuspecting lump before relating the perils of the Purple curse — "People keep coming up to me and saying 'Hello — Smoke On The Water?', 'How are you — Smoke On The Water?'. It's very disconcerting."

Best moment of the night came when promoter Paul Loasby decided to illustrate the high and low points of the set with his hands. Ritchie got him so agitated he ended up gesticulating like a lobotomised traffic warden on sulphate cut with rat poison.

Loasby "A jerk in a jerkin" according to the uncharacterisically sharp Motters) then compounded the error by taking him on for a serious debate about classical music ("Ere Ritchie, you're a classical buff" etc). Natch he ended up more confused than Spaghetti Junction.

"What's your opinion as if anybody cares?" Ritchie asked me in a flash of acid tongue artistry . . . aw, the fun we have, ja?

Joe Lynn Turner was his usual bouncy self pursuing foxy tour support, Ms Ford, the lovely Lita (meet her, mate) and generally demolishing Dee Snider for his recent digs at him in *Farmers Weekly* (as *Melody Maker's* down in the trade). Amongst much other nonsense Dee reckoned Joey sounds like Lou Gramm — he does, but so what?

"I knew Dee when he really was a woman," Joe confides, adding "he'd have to stand on a chair to listen to us and it'd still go over his head. It's not true that their 'success' has made Twisted Sister big-headed — they've always been big-headed!" (Seconds away, round three!)

Only Roger Glover seems slightly miffed, unsure of both his polished production job on the album and tonight's performance.

"Sometimes I think they'd clap if we farted," he sighs and nothing I can say will cheer him up so I leave this talented but tortured soul to his vodka and head for bed.

Next day finds Ritchie and Barry darting furtively around the hotel with their walkie-talkies, avoiding fans, lumps etc. so the Baron can have brekkers undisturbed.

Over burnt bacon he talks of his admiration for the literary works of the late, great Pete Makowski and reveals the pleasure he takes in tricking the band on stage.

"I like starting songs they're not expecting," he reveals with a sly smile, "or playing the blues passage in a different key to the one they're expecting. I can never fool Dave though & he's got perfect pitch . . . "

I should really steam into tonight's gig now, but for the hell of it I'll leave you sweating and adjourn to The Interview.

Conflab

After midnight, in a discreet corner of a hotel bar, with just two charming 'lumps' and Ritchie's ghetto blaster for company, the conflab commences. Natch the important things come first.

"Who wants a drink?" asks Mr Ambrosio.

"My father would never forgive me if I didn't drink cider," says Ritchie. "He swears by the stuff. He's from Somerset . . . Wales actually. I'll have a beer . . . "

But what about the new album, a million Juke readers shout as one.

"I'll be honest," Ritchie says, "I've heard it. And I'm not impressed. No, actually I think it's very good, it's got a lot of substance. I'm very pleased with the way my writing's going."

I feel personally that Rainbow's more melodic numbers are closer to Abba than they are Foreigner, despite Mr Snider's snipes.

"Yes, I think you're right. I will never write a song like Foreigner, although as I've said I do really like Lou Gramm's voice . . . "

Bruce Payne interrupts at this point with a telex announcing that *Bent* has charted at 27 in the US Top 30 — a great achievement.

And with 'Street Of Dreams' simultaneously charting straight in at 36 in the singles chart one that augers well for Rainbow's chances of *really* cracking the States later this year.

"Bruce is happy," Ritchie confides, "he gets all the money."

In your last interview with *Juke* you said you felt you were facing a bit of a directional crisis. Does the fact that you've recorded 'Bent' this year mean the crisis has passed?

"No — I'm still at that crisis point and I think I'll be there for the rest of my life. As John Cleese said, I think I'm stuck with it. Musicians should always be at crisis point. One is never progressing unless one is at odds with one's self as to how to progress.

"I was very satisfied with the new album though. I know it's not exactly the hard rock people want, and we'll probably lose a few fans by deviating, but that's the price you've gotta pay."

His own favourite tracks are 'Street Of Dreams', 'Can't Let Go', 'Snowman' and the exquisite instrumental 'Anybody There'. "That's a misprint on the sleeve," Ritchie reveals, "it shoul be 'Anybody There' with a question mark, as in the way you open a seance.

"The songs based on Bach's 'Prelude in C'. It's got no middle eight and no chorus. The chord structure goes for 28 bars and then repeats so it's very unlike the usual rock song. There's no catch line, just non-stop continuity. 300 years ago they would have accepted that, now bands only go 12 or 14 bars before they get into the hook. I initially called it 'Doomed'."

'Snowman' has an interesting history.

"It originally came from an animated cartoon I was watching about a snowman who picks a kid up and flies away with him. It's a great fantasy film. It took me back to my childhood dreams. I have an affinity towards snowmen, you see.

"Anyway, the excerpt on the video had about 16 bars of this tune which I took and elongated and added my own arrangement. The guy who wrote it, Howard Blake, is probably this 60 year old pianist living in Brighton, he hadn't even heard of us.

"Originally he called it 'Walking In The Air'. To me it's one of the best tracks on the LP, it's the direction I'd like to go in. I love that sort of intense, majestic kind of rock. I'd love to have a whole backdrop of snowmen. We've changed it from a happy snowman into an abominable snowman incidentally — I have this effect on people."

One of my favourite guitar parts is the 'yelping' lead on 'Desperate Heart'.

"That was the only solo I did in the States. I'd done a solo in Copenhagen and wasn't happy with it, so I redid it in New York — the studio sound was so good it really inspired me."

'Firedance' and 'Drinking With The Devil' will probably be the biggest crowd pleaser.

"Yes, 'Firedance' is kind of a step back I suppose. It's a really complicated riff. I have to tune the bass string down to bottom D every time I play it, so I have to do the solo on five strings instead of six . . . I want everyone to know how difficult it is for me!

"'Dancing With The Devil' is just a downhome rock'n'roll thing. The best thing about it is the guitar line at the end. It's worth waiting three minutes for."

A brief chat about drumming leads back to the Cozy Powell story related earlier.

"Actually I'm thinking of writing a comedy about the whole thing," Ritchie reveals. "I like the way Michael Palin writes when he does things like *Ripping Yarns* and I'm thinking of writing about the 'Down To Earth' recordings in a similar way with my roadie Colin who's got a great way with words. I kept a diary and everything turned out so weird, the musicians, the cooks, the problems, the seances that went down, that it'd make a great one-off comedy. If you can imagine Palin as a rock'n'roll musician . . . John Cleese would have to be the bass player! Always!"

Did your idea of making a live blues album ever happen?

"No, but I'm still thinking about it. I'd have to do it with different personnel, a band more in the Bad Company mould. It wouldn't sell because it wouldn't be at all commercial, just total blues, but it'd be interesting to me if nobody else."

The Purple reunion might still be on, he reckons, though only for "fun, for a week or two". Only Mr Gillan wanted it to be a serious long-term proposition apparently. And besides Rainbow's current tour commitments (UK, Europe, USA) take them well into next year so it's not exactly imminent.

I wondered if the Baron was familiar with U2 and Big Country's pioneering work in the field of guitar resurrection.

"No," he says honestly, "but it sounds good. I'm all for anything that leads us away from this disco domination. My friend Barry put it in a nutshell when he said most of these new wave people now are just disco in disguise. Now there's nothing wrong with people dancing but there has to be room for other music to breathe too.

"Bach had the same problem — I was talking to him the other day. He was always being asked to compose minuets in ¾ time so the lords and ladies could dance to them. He got very upset that people were dancing and not listening."

How do you react to claims that Rainbow have sold out your rock'n'roll roots? (A claim ridiculed by the live show incidentally).

"Yeah, we have it.

"Face it, how easy is it to go on stage and have all the guitarists playing in unison? No disrespect to Status Quo — they're great, they invented it — but that's all you get now. The guitarists standing in a line and trying to convince everyone what fun they're having. I'd rather watch aerobics on TV!

"No, we haven't sold out. We're still Heavy Metal, but we're sophisticated Heavy Metal. I'd like to think some of the audience are sophisticated enough to keep up. If not it's our loss — and theirs. But I will not go on stage and do Status Quo impersonations like Judas Priest and the Scorpions.

"It'd be so easy for us to do a really cliched heavy album but that's not the point. A lot of people are very discontent in England at the moment but it would be dishonest of me to try and reflect that in my music, I can't raise my fist in the air and play moronic 12 bar blues and 12 bar progressions either. We all grow up. I'm just not interested in doing that kind of thing any more. Maybe we'll lose some people but I refuse to fall back on moronic albums to make a few more bob. I don't need it."

Do you consider Rainbow are a cynical concern at all though?

"Of course. I suffer from terminal cynicism — that's my outlook on life. I also think we're all doomed. We all act like imbeciles and pretend we're having a good time but we're not. I'm not at least, and that's the most important thing.

"I think terminal cynicism is coming through on the American side at the moment. They know we're f-----, 'Reagan's gonna blow us all up so let's buy the new Rainbow album' — that's obviously the attitude there now.

"I think I see life similar to yourself but maybe I'm not so articulate. I've got something to say but sometimes I don't know the words to use. And when the words come there's no-one there to tell, so I'm f-----, I suppose.

"And that's another thing. I dislike being cool. I like being awkward and stubborn. That's the way I am, that's the way I'll always be."

The show

And on that definitive note, let's at least back track to the show, Joe.

Elgar and Garland still open the set, the killer combination of stirring patriotism and Hollywood glitter convulsing the audience before the speedy and tough 'Spotlight Kid' builds on the adrenalin. Tonight's set is harder and longer than the Copenhagen show I caught last year — like the new album it's altogether more satisfying, and an ideal showcase for the band's talents.

Burgi's drumming seems effortlessly effective, noticeably energising the set. Joe Lynn's hammier than a bacon factory, but a man with such a polished set of pipes I can forgive anything. Roger is quietly confident, casually in control of his situation — but where *did* he get that hat? Young Mr Rosenthal is a veritable keyboard king in the making while Ritchie of course manages to combine beauty and bludgeon, dynamism and dignity, at once aloof and in charge.

The pleasant plod of 'Miss Mistreated' is chased by the nifty new foot-tapper 'Fool For The Night' ending with the Baron's axe erupting like it's spitting molten lava. Then keyboard conjurer Dave introduces 'I Surrender', followed by the currently anti-Soviet 'Can't Happen Here' (Joe should write *Sun* editorials in his spare time) and the 'Little Wing' reminiscent 'Catch The Rainbow', Ritchie demanding the crowd cut the claps for the gentle opening guitar passage punctuated only by a connoisseur's should of "It's dead good that is, Ritchie."

The hell-raisingly heavy 'Drinking With The Devil' ups tempo and toughness (possibly the Baron sold his soul long ago) before the mesmerising musical madras of an Indian-flavoured instrumental and the still droog-approved splendour of their 'Song Of Joy' its power diminished to these ears by being overburdened with solos. Short and snappy keeps 'em happy is my philosophy — or is it that I just hate drum and organ solos? (though it must be said that Dave did turn in a passable impersonation of the Star Ship Enterprise).

'Power' comes next with retinas rising, the enormous eye-balls on full beam, followed by a smidgeon of blues, the monster riffer 'Stargazer', the penultimate punchy pop of 'Stranded', and the final power putsch of 'Death Alley Drive', complete with Dumpy Dunnell style revving intro a literally explosive end to a deliciously diverse set.

London calling

with JILLIAN HUGHES

COMSAT ANGELS

are ready to land

A lot of people are genuinely pleased that the Comsat Angels are back on the scene. Their live shows are being reviewed, radio's playing their new single "Will You Stay Tonight" and even their new LP *Land* is getting some good reviews.

People even talk about how good and powerful the Comsats were in those days and what a shame it was they didn't crack it in those days.

Steve Fellows, vocalist and guitarist with the Comsat Angels isn't about to buy this.

"Looking back, I don't think the songs were properly formed. I don't reject them because we wouldn't be at this point now, if we hadn't done them then. Those songs helped get us reviewed and asked about in the press.

"Now at least people know the name Comsat Angels. We've come back with a much different attitude. In those early days we didn't really care if we were successful. Now we want to reach as many people as we can."

Really, Comsat Angels sum up the long time battle between Art and Commerce.

At one stage, they rejected Commerce. Now they realise that their early Art was wasted because not many people got to hear it. Certainly in that exciting experimental period following the adrenalin rush of punk, they made some very good music. However, none of their three albums sold well, and earlier this year, Polydor dumped them.

Once more, the dilemma was thrown in their face: split up snarling there'd be not one iota of compromise, or make the music a bit more accessible.

They chose the latter. They signed to a small label which specialised in dance music, Jive, and then got themselves produced by Mike Howlett, a hot producer in these Isles after his success with Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark and A Flock Of Seagulls.

The results can be heard on the new single. What's more, their Art versus Commerce dilemma is exhibited on the new *Land* album. Parts of it are very radio orientated, the other seems to wonder if they're giving up their creativity for commerce, such is the tenseness and dynamics created in the grooves.

For a start, when I spoke to Fellows he seemed overly defensive about the band's poppier approach.

"I don't think I'm making compromises", he blurted right at the start. "Basically I think my own tastes are widening. They aren't as extreme as they used to be. I can't explain why: maybe I'm getting old or maybe the mainstream's getting more adventurous.

"All I know is that I'm beginning to like a lot of these tastes."

Did he feel, then, that the new Comsat Angels music wasn't as challenging to him?

"Oh, more so, more than ever. It's very easy to make all these esoteric, self-indulgent noises and have them accepted. It's much harder to confront the issue and make a music in a more popular vein. That's where the challenge has been."

Did he write for a specific market?

"No, I'd never do that. I have to work from my own musical bent. It's strange. The other day I read some really good reviews on the new Rip Rig & Panic album, so I went out and bought it. There are some very good moments but there are a lot of things I can't understand on it. So I'd say that I'm the one that's changed, because a few years ago I would have understood everything they were trying to do."

So how did he feel about the new LP?

"Well, obviously I'd say I like it, regardless of whether I do or not! But I think . . . well, when a band's released three albums and gets dropped by their first record company, they're not the sort of band that other labels would chase. But Jive came along and liked the new material and signed us up on the strength of that.

"It's the only record we've done where I can listen to it at home."

I find it tries to cover too much ground, lots of all art-pop styles from U2 to Simple Minds.

"Well, that is true. I see it as giving us a direction we could head off for on the next LP. I think that after the second Comsats album, we really had no clue as to what our direction should be. When we decided to do the album we were going solely on what we wanted to do, so I don't know, maybe we're looking for a definite direction within the options offered to us."

Mike Howlett gave them the objectivity which they'd never done before, as well as tightening up ideas which were needed.

"We're Sheffield boys, and there's a great pressure for us to follow other chart busters from this area like Human League and ABC. Until then, when you came from Sheffield you always thought that pop success was a closed door, and it was something that only came to London bands.

"But then of course, when the League crashed through, they really changed the attitude of the Sheffield scene. Almost overnight musicians wanted to tour the world and have big hits and appear on *Top Of The Pops* because until now they always considered they could never do that. Now they do. So really, we haven't suddenly decided to sell records, we're part of that change of Sheffield thinking."

He honestly didn't think the Comsats had been corrupted by a gold plate carrot dangling in front of them?

"Like I told you, it's much much harder to write accessible things."

Fellows goes on to say that after being dropped by Polydor, he underwent a bit of soul searching. He sat down and wondered what he'd got into the music business for.

"Sheffield's a grey tough town, and a lot of people get into bands to rise above it, get out of there. I realised that I'd always wanted to do that — sell records, and never have to go through the grind in Sheffield.

"It is possible for a good creative band to make good pop records too without compromising — look at Echo & the Bunnymen and Simple Minds. They're two perfectly good examples of what can be achieved. A lot of people take their time getting into music, it takes time.

"A few years ago, radio in Britain was incredibly close minded. But they're allowing people like Gary Byrd, New Order and Laurie Anderson to get through, so things are being widened."

Is he expecting to be accused of selling out?

"Yes, I approach every interview I'm doing knowing I'll be asked that. My answer is that the minute you get onstage, you are selling out, because you are looking for peoples' approval.

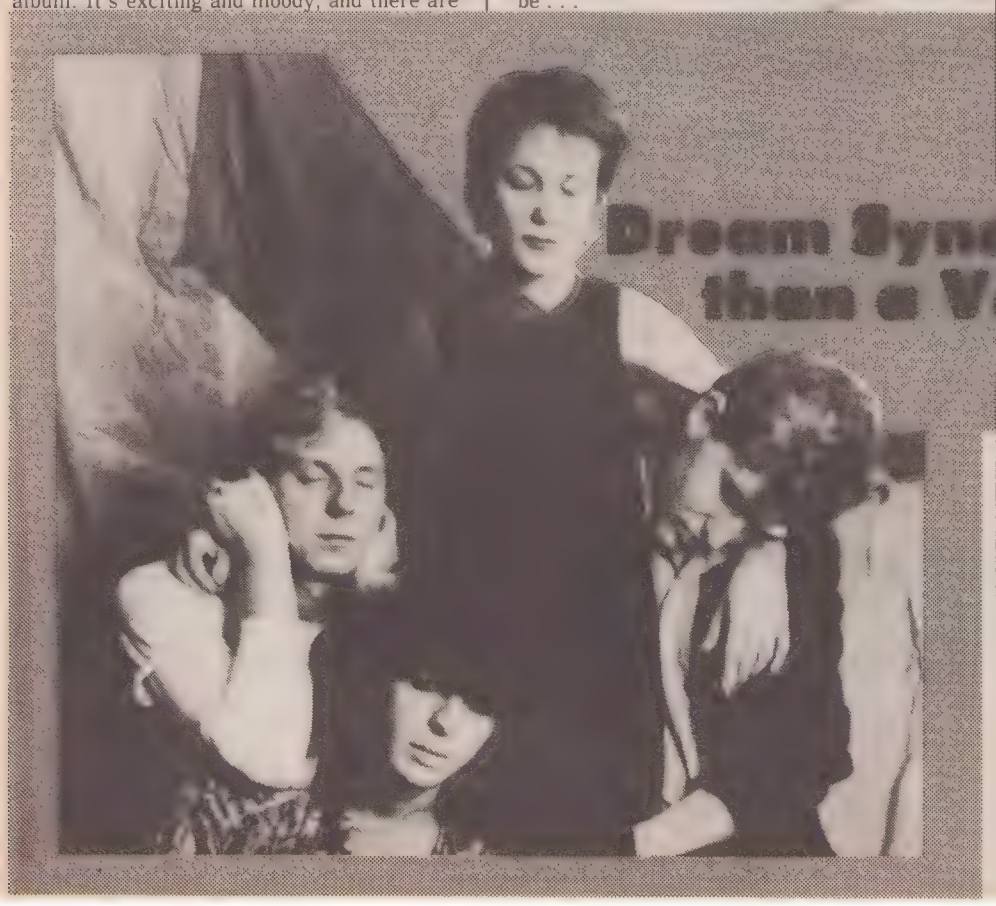
"Maybe in time you modify things to get more peoples' approval but that's not the point of sell-out. That came right from the start."

Well, they've got their new lease of life, they've got an LP that's polished and highly saleable, and they've opened themselves a lot of doors. Let's hope they find what they want.

America calling

with TAMARA HANDII

Dream Syndicate — more than a Velvets re-run?



Excerpt from 'Creem' Magazine: "One of 1982's best rock albums was *The Days Of Wine & Roses* by the Dream Syndicate, the finest band to come out of LA since the Blasters, X and, possibly, the Doors.

"The album was an impressive debut — dramatic, scary and exhilirating — from a group of young rock and roll connoisseurs who originally wanted nothing more than to play loud covers of '60s garage rock classics."

A true story: radio KROQ in Los Angeles was the first to pick up on synth-pop which gives them some sort of bizarre hipness although they will insist on playing lightweights like Missing Persons, Berlin and Killer Pussy.

The DJs, as you'd expect, are condescending with new wave hipness. "We've been reading a lot about this new LA band the Dream Syndicate," he announces. "I haven't heard anything by them, yet, but we believe in giving new bands a chance at KROQ, so here goes."

He slips on "Halloween" from the debut album. It's exciting and moody, and there are enough flashes of Television, Velvet Underground and the Rolling Stones for you to realise that it's exciting creative music like this which made you fall in love with rock and roll in the first place. With an approach that's rare in American bands, the track weaves through its . . .

Hey! Wait a minute! It's gone.

After 30 seconds, the DJ pulls it off the air. "That's all I need to hear," he snarls. "I like to give new local bands a chance, but this is ridiculous. You won't be hearing more of that band on this station."

And Dream Syndicate are never played again on a station that prides itself in playing the hippest and most "new wave" of music.

Dream Syndicate, typically, take it with a loud laughter, a wink, and an unstated thumbs-up sign.

"God, that's wonderful," songwriter, singer and rhythm guitarist Steve Wynn said, when he was told the story. "To think that we could disturb somebody who's supposed to be as aware of 'new music' as these people are supposed to be . . ."

The Dream Syndicate formed in October 1981 with Wynn on vocals and guitar, Karl Precoda on lead guitar and Kendra Smith on bass.

Wynn and Smith had met three years earlier when both were English Lit. majors at the Davis branch of the University of California. They drew together because they liked the same albums and ended up in a band called the Suspects, which released an independent single before breaking up in early 1980.

They briefly formed another band called the Icons before Smith moved to Los Angeles. While Wynn went on to play in a series of bands with names like Go Dee Dee, The Long Ryders and 15 Minutes (the latter released an early version of "That's What You Always Say") the two kept in close touch.

The early band was very much a jamming band, and it was only when Smith recruited Dennis Duck (ex-Human Hands) that he gave them the confidence to pull the music together. Three weeks later they recorded an EP of four original songs.

The EP came to the attention of Chris D, the singer with LA punkoids the Flesheaters, who recommended them to Ruby Records, a subsidiary of Slash. The label's boss didn't even hear the Dream Syndicate before he signed them; just a recommendation from D seemed sufficient.

D later went on to produce their debut LP.

Immediately, the local press got excited about the album. One paper hailed it as "the most compelling music to come out of California since the peak of '60s psychedelia."

Wynn however will not be dragged into overcrediting the band.

"There's a tendency to make out that we're some kind of avant garde experimentalists," he says, "as if we're Throbbing Gristle or the Virgin Prunes. But we're not like that at all.

"If I was to describe the band, I'd say it was a pop band. We play little pop songs full of hooks and melodies. The difference is that we try and stretch the boundaries within that format. You don't look at a song and say 'hey, isn't that nice and melodic'. You take it a step further and see how far you can stretch it before it breaks."

Wynn insists that the Dream Syndicate are not alone, and cites LA '60s bands like the Bangles, hardcore warriors like Minutemen and Descendants, and other left-of-centre pop bands like Three O'Clock, Green On Red and Red Kross. They draw on the strength and vision of '60s music, and translate it with a naive faith and innocence to the '80s broadsheet.

"All these bands started coming up around the same time. That's significant, because they're all about 21 which means they weren't around when LA punk first started to happen, and they're too young to care about what happened in the '60s. They listen to the new music and say 'hey this is new to us, this trend has never been done before.' It has, of course, but the important thing is that they don't realise it, they're not self-conscious about it, and still believe you can achieve anything if you're in a rock and roll band."

This innocence is significant, because the early LA punk scene did come under national media scrutiny as the place where exciting music would come from. Aside from the Blasters, the result was either that of the Go-Gos (superficial fun which went nowhere) or X (interesting but failed to sell).

The Days Of Wine & Roses is a grim album, lamenting broken hearts, shattered dreams, suicide, loneliness in the city, sexual brutality. But Wynn says they're far from depressing as people.

"It is strange how people get all these preconceptions from listening to what you say," he laughs. "I'm sure some people think we all sit around in this dark room lamenting that humanity is on a self destruction course, or holding a heavy esoterical discussion on immortality.

"As a matter of fact, we have a lot of fun together! Writing music exhilarates me because it's more challenging to put aside the escapist lovey-dovey things and try and come to grips with the ugliness, reaching in there, trying to pry it loose and see what comes out of it.

"We don't glorify ugliness or the negative aspects. Our message is that, yeah sure it's ugly but be cool and it'll pull through in the end. I'm an optimistic but I'm shy, so singing these songs is a great release for me."

Dream Syndicate have been attacked for their more-than-close Velvet Comparisons. Although Wynn unsmilingly insists the Velvets were an early influence and nothing more, the comparisons seem to be more than coincidental. "When You Smile", for instance, cops the line "born a thousand years ago" from the Velvets' "Heroin". And John Cale was associated with a supergroup avant-garde supergroup called the Dream Syndicate. The vocals and their whole approach too, is very Velvet Undergroundish.

But as Captain Beefheart has pointed out, "you can trace a lot of contemporary American music to what the Velvets did. You don't slam them for that. You merely watch to see that they don't ruin what the Velvet did."

The general consensus is that concensus is that the Dream Syndicate definitely won't ruin the Velvets' trailblazing.

(NB: *Days Of Wine & Roses* was finally released in Australia recently through Monash Records).

On Film

with DULCIE JEAN

• Julie Barry (Julie) and Ian Gilmour (Shadow) in a scene from *Going Down*

Going Down highlights unemployment problem

Anyone who thought *Puberty Blues* painted a revealing and gloomy picture of today's youth is not ready for the drugs and sex scene in Hayden Keenan's film *Going Down*.

Keenan's film shows the aimlessness that pervades the lives of unemployed kids. The screenplay by Melissa Woods, Moira Maclaine-Cross and Julie Barry concerns itself with a group of four female friends who gather to farewell one of their friends before she goes overseas.

They have been together for years so Jackie, Jane and Ellen plan a real send-off for Karli whom they may not see for sometime. The last night before Karli flies off is certainly a night to remember.

Jane is already an alcoholic and is seriously considering prostitution. All Ellen wants is a job and a boyfriend.

Karli doesn't know why she is going to New York, her father gave her the ticket and she can't see life there being any worse than in Sydney.

Their night becomes an odyssey through a circus parade of scavengers, eccentrics, addicts and night dwellers, a generation well versed in premature world weariness. It is a journey that brings the four together and drags them apart in the wake of recriminations about stolen money, selfishness and the value of friendship.

It is black humor in the face of a seemingly hopeless situation that reveals determination and finally, as the girls farewell Karli, there is hope.

The script began in 1977 by four girls in exactly the same situation the film describes. They wanted to convey how they lived and where their lives were going, and they wanted to express it in terms that their peer group would understand.

Keenan was brought in and a painstaking series of script meetings began. Various Government bodies were approached about funding the film but to no avail. These bodies were either horrified, said it couldn't be done, that no one wanted to see this sort of thing, or that people really didn't exist like the characters in the film.

"We were asked to stop bothering them. We did, and we have got the film that we wanted and it is truly independent," Keenan said.

"In August 1980, we began shooting with $5,000 in the bank. This was an outrageous risk and many in the film industry thought that we were crazy.

"The cast and crew even invested cash to help us get to the end of the shoot. Three of the writers decided to play themselves whilst Tracy Mann was selected to play the fourth member of the quartet.

"Once the shooting was completed, sequences were cut and finance raising from the private sector began. This was long, slow and hard.

"Some more shooting was required, but due to irreconcilable differences with one of the actress/writers, she was replaced. We chose the late Vera Plevnik to play the role of Jane and shooting commenced once again August, this time 1981.

"By March 1982 we were reaching completion, but then tragedy struck and three days before the end of the film Vera Plevnik was killed in a car accident.

"The script had to be reworked and her final scene had to be pieced together from shots that we already had of her. Two weeks later, our 2nd assistant director, Chris Maudson died suddenly of a brain tumor.

"The music industry then came to our aid. As we screened the film to more and more musos, we found a swag of music on offer to us.

"James Reyne from Australian Crawl wrote the opening song 'What's It Like', and The Park Rats recorded it. Mondo Rock wrote and sang a lot of the incidental music."

Going Down is Tracy Mann's third leading role in a feature film. Her first was *Hard Knocks*, which she won the Actress Of The Year Award for in 1980. She also won a Sammy in the same year for Best New Talent.

She played oppostie John Carradine in the New Zealand feature, *Scarecrow* and has had numerous roles on Australian television in the last few years.

Tracy is already receiving strong critical acclaim for the ability she has so far displayed. She leads the cast of *Going Down* in the role of Karli, who's departure is the catalyst for the night's activities.

The late Vera Plevnik plays the role of the hard drinking Jane. She won Best New Talent at the 1979 Logie Awards for her moving portrayal of a Yugoslav freedom fighter in *The John Sullivan Story*.

She had only recently graduated from the Victorian college of the Arts where she studied acting.

Julie Barry and Moira Maclaine-Cross are both newcomers to the screen in the roles of Jackie and Ellen.

Julie and Moira were both involved in the scripting of the film. Their performances blend in well with the more seasoned actors. Julie is currently studying acting in London, whilst Moira's performance opposite David Argue is one of the most entertaining screen debuts seen in recent Australian films.

David Argue continues his burgeoning screen career playing three different characters in our film. He has been nominated for Best Supporting Actor twice, once for his performance as Snowy in *Gallipoli* and the other for Greg in *Going Down*.

Esben Storm, well known Australian writer and director of *In Search Of Anna* and more recently *Stanley*, makes an impressive screen debut as Michael, the drug addict in *Going Down*.

Going Down is currently screening around Australia.

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Albums

Edited by EVAN GROVE

THE CREATURES

Feast
(PolyGram)

I can even now hear the squeals of frustration from Ms Banshee as she once again sees me deriding her art, noting that it is ridiculously erratic and that she can do much much better. Not my fault! For some reason I happen to like Siouxsie, I could possibly pen acres on her 'stand as the true voice of the feminine in rock', but I'm chiefly the Siouxsie watcher sitting here waiting for her to do something good. *Feast* isn't it.

It is by now becoming obvious that Siouxsie makes gems of singles and lousy albums. 'Miss The Girl', included (as by far the strongest thing) here, is a delight in the charts but you could fairly easily paint in your mind what an entire album of this kind of low-key stuff from Siouxsie and Budgie would amount to and, far too predictably, *Feast* is it.

A lot of wailing, dead impenetrable lyricising which the girl should have grown out of three years ago, and jungle drums from young Budgie a plenty. I could be cruel (me, cruel!) and call it a thinking man's Steeleye Span, but I shan't.

As with Banshee albums in the past, the trouble seems to stem from Siouxsie delving into The Mysterious, lyrically and musically, in a much too straightforward manner, the irony being that nothing ends up complete and satisfying. Siouxsie can neither make something startlingly immediate and unplanned, or make anything sound less than stilted and rather stiff.

Again teetering on the brink of psychoanalysing Ms Banshee, as all her albums tempt you to do, the problem seems sexually rooted. The opening 'Morning Dawning' is indeed quasi-Cat Stevens' 'Morning Has Broken', there is a conservatism hinted at here and, in the overall rather obvious let's-get-really-jungle-free-in-Hawaii (the Thompson Tour brochure setting), that is more traditionally English Enid Blyton than the (hoped for) Queen Of The Jungle. Her prep school mentality peeks through, she never really gets away from base.

The whole impression is, not for the first time with Siouxsie, one of failed climax; she's striving for something that by now we all know she won't get. The closing chorus in 'Flesh' of *"Oh piggy squeals and donkey brays/doggy barks and horsey neighs . . ."* which sounds even more absurd than it reads, seems to sum up the banal Anglo Saxonism that is the necessary and true reverse of the Banshee one's continued attempt at Ice Queening it.

Again, *Feast* proves that Siouxsie is more a case for the Harley Street couch than the Tarzanic vine, and that she should dress like Margaret Rutherford, have cream teas at four, get back with McGeoch and start her career all over again. Until then, I'll go on missing the girl.

— DAVE McCULLOUGH

MEZZOFORTE

Surprise Surprise
(CBS)

It's all a matter of degree. The difference between spiffy jazz and regimented funk can often be measured in the strength of the beat and its ultimate ambition. Mezzoforte's *Surprise Surprise* blissfully ends up 90 per cent spiffy. On strong tracks like "Garden Party", the fusion music is so perfect that the seams binding the jazz to the rock are invisible.

As a small fact to drop at your next cocktail party, it can be noted that Mezzo's single "Garden Party" has sold more copies than there are people in Iceland, which is Mezzo's home. If that nugget of information doesn't dazzle you, then the music surely will. "Party" is very Scandinavian in its smorgasbord qualities — a bit of this and a bit of that. Yet it remains an upbeat, cohesive communique punctuated by some sexy harmonies and heavy-breathing sax. The rest of the album follows a similar frothy vein that always threatens to haemorrhage into an all-out good-time.

The name Mezzoforte means literally half-loud. Which also implied the sound is fifty per cent soft. This can be evidenced on two graceful works, the anti-gravitational floater "Early Autumn" and the beachy lilt of "The Old Neighbourhood". Sure enough, there's an elevator somewhere ready to kidnap these slabs of beautiful music — but the ransom will no doubt be high, given their smooth, silky brilliance.

If one is to knock *Surprise*, it is on the basis of the band trying too hard. Hence the sound becomes occasionally academic rather than emotional — a kind of swinging school for perfectionists. "Action Man", despite its Latin bravado and Herb Alpert-like exploitation of melody falls into this category. A better example of south-of-the-border jazz comes in the form of "Fusion Blues". A party-starter, it is ragier than the night before and fizzier than the seltzer the morning after.

As if to proclaim that Iceland is still part of today's global village, Mezzoforte occasionally do things by the rules of the Pacman popsters. For instance, the unimaginatively titled "Funk Suite" has more sonic tendencies than a sky full of MX missiles. It is in stark contrast to the majestic intimacy of "Easy Jack", a smokey, saloon-stiffened ballad-sans-lyrics. Yet with both tracks, the sweetness of the melody comes pouring through the speakers well before one has time to be stunned by the exquisite playing.

Surprise Surprise is an album of glowing simple jazz for pop-lovers. It makes you wonder that if such hot music can come from a chilly, underdeveloped country like Iceland, what can we expect from similar third-world countries nearer the equator? Roll on, you Fijian funksters and Papuan popsters, the civilised world needs you.

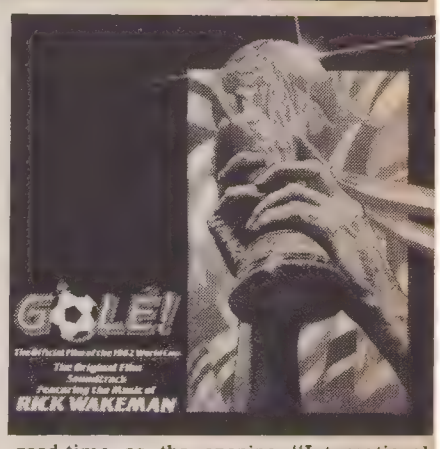
— ROBERT VELLA

RICK WAKEMAN

Gole
(PolyGram)

Rick Wakeman has gone the full circle. From the glorious classical tangents of *Six Wives Of Henry VIII* to the aimless futuristic hyperbole of *1984*. Now, with *Gole* and its inspirational noises, he returns to less startling, easily accessible middle-ground. Composed as the soundtrack to the official film of the 1982 World Football Cup, this charming disc is a kind of *Rocky* of the soccer field. It may "score" a movie, but it loses no points without the video accompanying it.

There is a feeling of impending joy and



good-time as the opening "International Flag" is unfurled. Here is Wakeman sweeping the ivories with the air of an unbeatable, symphonic champion. The track blends beautifully in with the mystical "The Dove" as the opening ceremony bursts forth. If you enjoyed the surreal patterns of "King Arthur", then this track's airy ways will be to your liking.

As the kick-off draws closer, a calm-before-the-storm feeling prevails. "Wayward Spirit" is anything but wayward as Wakeman lets his magic fingers wilt away the minutes. Perhaps *Gole's* most intimate moment, it belongs in the same league as Elton John's "Song For Guy".

The main theme from *Gole* is destined to fill those gaps when TV stations temporarily lose their picture. It is filler music and then some. With its tango beat and mardi gras percussion, it represents the Latin quarter of the World Cup stadium. The fiery "Spanish Holiday" continues to cruise the salsa beat, although with less success than the title work.

One wonders what place romance has at a World Cup. Nevertheless, pearly, echoing tunes such as "Shadows" and "Frustration" could well have orchestrated *Love Story* as easily as this film. They are welcome respites from the hectic, win-at-all-costs mood that Wakeman so brilliantly communicates.

If a criticism is to be uttered about *Gole*, it is on the basis that, like ninety-five percent of instrumental discs, it sometimes defuses into a smouldering fizzle of background music.

Thus Wakeman becomes "walkman-music" on stylish but unnecessary tunes such as "Black Pearls" and "Red Island". Yet, this is a small price to pay for all the exquisite, bubbly sounds that Wakeman juggles about as if he's got traditional saucers in one hand and contemporary plates in the other.

— ROBERT VELLA

JON & VANGELIS

Private Collection
(PolyGram)

Just when commercial music needs them most, Jon and Vangelis have decided to crawl back into their esoteric shells. No more the symphonic nursery rhymes of "I'll Find My Way Home" that Abba fans saw as suitable compensation for the break-up of their favourite band.

Singles

with THE SINGLES SLEUTH

The Honeymoon "Just Like Anyone" (EMI): a gutsy medium pacer that gives the Eagles-type sound a kick in the guts and a higher quotient of energy. Song is tight and melodic, backed up with full harmonies and a strong vocal. Lyrics are a weakness in a song that's likeable without really stirring the passionate inner man (woman?) hungering for something to get excited about.

Quiet Riot "Metal Health" (Epic): we open with mandatory heavy metal scream and guitar chords that weigh a ton. Then we move into a chord progression that sounds kinda familiar without actually being a Deep Purple copy. Safe heavy metal for the new post-Purple generation.

Ralph McTell "Kenny The Kangaroo" (Plaza): from one extreme to another. This little ditty, something like a kiddies nursery rhyme in the olde English folksy tradition, is cute and sweet and has a rather jolly air about it. Love the crowd yelling out in the background, not to mention the fiddle solo in the middle. Interesting, novel and different.

Robert Palmer, "You Can Have It" (Island): Palmer is firmly ensconced in the synth mould these days, and is sounding pretty good overall. He's pulled back the busy arrangement for this one, just cruising along quite nicely, thank you very much. This sparser approach suits his excellent voice, which has a chance to show itself off in this smooth pseudo-soul Kool & The Gang song.

The Expression "Decisions" (Mushroom): automated electro-pop, to be sure. Has a lot of gusto and energy without a great deal of subtlety, which doesn't seem to matter in context. The middle section is an exception, showcasing a great voice which seems somewhat wasted in the attack of the rest of the song. Good for radio, although yours truly wouldn't mind hearing this outfit with the aggression pulled back a peg or two.

Midge Ure & Mick Karn "After A Fashion" (Chrysalis): high pedigree (Ultravox meets Japan) gives a rather dubious result. Strikes me as being an indulgent studio piece that presents complexity for its own sake. A clever trick that only their individual fans will marvel at.

Fun Boy Three "Our Lips Are Sealed" (Chrysalis): a curious but enjoyable different version of the Go Go's hit. They've swapped energy and bounce for a textural approach that puts new meaning into bubble gum pop, 1980's arty style. Worth at least a comparison to the original.

Chris & Cosey "October (Love Song)" (Stunn): electro-backing fronted by cutesy but mature female vocal that kind of talk-sings (not all that unusual these days). Not exactly Yazoo, but has a certain naive attractiveness. 12 inch features the usual extended dub mix, etc.

Killing Joke "Let's All Go (To The Fire Dances)" (EG): tough punkish gear here, a sort of polished garage sound. My own preferences are towards the more sophisticated sounds of your average Echo & The Bunnymen, so the dark, torrid side of this band is a bit over my head.

The Only Ones "Be My Woman" (Southern Star): apparently not the Peter Perrott band known as The Only Ones. The song is a full-on rock ballad thing that has an underlying toughness and is topped off by slick backing vocals. The big sound of the chorus should make it a cert for some commercial FM airplay.

Toyland "Glad To Be Australian EP" (EMI Custom): this 4-song indie 12 incher has a distinctly political edge in its lyrics and the cutting sound of the female singer. The music is an interesting combination of striding rhythm section and a heap of percussion effects that give it something of a latin feel (well sort of), plus jabbing guitar on top. The band is from Adelaide, and not the first potently lyrical band from that city (eg. Redgum).

Albums

Edited by EVAN GROVE

On *Private Collection,* things are decidedly slow to come to pass. Jon Anderson strives to inject more operatic verve into his voice and Vangelis more dreamy, abstract smudges into his keyboard sketches. The result is a disc of doubtful commerciality but infinitely durable quality. Music that's only a power-plug away from the classics and a heart-beat away from Victorian romance.

Many have tried by few have succeeded to portray the ethereal charm and melodic opalescence heard in "Deborah" and "Polonaise". What comes through these graceful works is the duo's respect for tradition and sentimentality. Only superstars like J & V could allow such virtues to rule above trends and gadgets. Or at least superstars and fools.

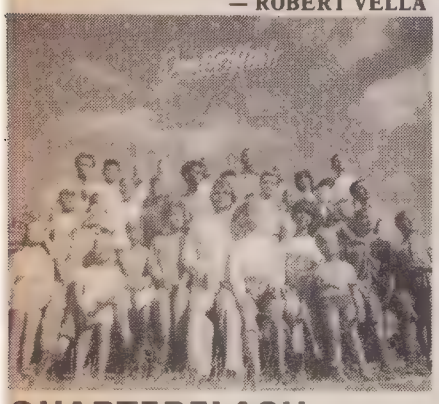
The above tracks, with their simulated simplicity are the absolute contrast of testy pieces like "He Is Sailing". This is where the over-achiever in J & V is given some head-room. A serious, echoing work, the light and shade in Vangelis' synthesiser is a lesson to all. Add the dramatic arrangement that is of the tweezers and magnifying glass type and you've got the *Private*'s most precious possession.

But one warning — if your ears are apt to diversion don't bother listening. This complex track demands a hundred per cent concentration.

Side two, although it is but one track of marathon length, demands less listener input. Titled "Horizon" it is something like an aural space-trip. there is the blast-off, the surge of power, the occasional feeling of weightlessness, the thrill of exploring the unknown and the long-awaited climax. I particularly enjoyed the "countdown" intro, with the threatening time-bomb ticks promising to explode into funky fireworks. But as one has come to expect from these lads, things never work out to the usual formula. From the auspicious start, the track's tempo elevates and drops more times than a toilet seat at a mixed party.

Some may accuse *Private Collection* of being limp-wristed and too far right of rock and roll, but this would be naive. Beethoven never had muscles but his visionary music was never short of oomph. So it is with this late-night, lasting disc that aims to seduce you through cultural shock rather than future shock. Commercial music's loss is serious music's gain.

— ROBERT VELLA



QUARTERFLASH

Take Another Picture
(CBS)

I'm still not convinced that Quarterflash are any more than sophisticated copycats. On their debut self-titled disc last year, they kicked about ideas from recognised artists such as The Motels and Fleetwood Mac until their own commercial goals had been scored. It was a patchy album that will be remembered specifically for "Harden My Heart" and generally for its peachy lead singer, Rindy Ross.

Take Another Picture is a progression, in that it is more consistent. But once again, it is devoid of anything outstanding, outlandish or out-of-limits. Still, if lazy, by-the-pool pop is your go, then this disc is worth dipping into. The old Motels take-off is excellently executed again on the swinging single "Take Me To Heart". Rindy Ross is still purring pretty as she gives this beachy song the full, power-pop treatment. It is *Picture's* finest snap-shot.

She is also (West) coasting along on the thumping "Make It Shine", which at least has a catchy chorus keeping it in your mind's eye. Yet, with that track, and the twitching "Shakin' The Jinx", one suspects that the lady is more interested in the candy than the randy. Unadventurous pop, it proves that one hazard of being a fence-sitter is that it can cause an uncomfortable pain in the posterior.

And so it becomes quickly evident that few tracks on *Take Another Picture* are likely to scare the wax out of the ears. The noisy rock and roll of "One More Round To Go", with Jack Charles taking over lead vocals, represents a spirited elevation in decibels and decadence. It's one only track that deserves to be played loud enough for your neighbours to hear and enjoy.

Other than that, most of the rebellious punches are delivered with velvet gloves and with little follow-through. For instance, if you don't like the jingly title piece or the bluesy, too repetitive "It Don't Move Me" the first time round, don't come back for seconds. These upfront pieces don't improve with age.

The only other song worth a microlitre of ink to discuss is the love-battered ballad "Eye To Eye". Such vocal sorcery and wispy strings have been heard before, but rarely dressed to the nines as here. With its born-on-the-cabaret-floor chorus, it is the almost perfect album track, busting up the frontal beats belching all about it. It emphasises what marvellous opportunists Quarterflash are.

Still, if this is all this *Picture* has to offer, you might be better off reading the book. After all, when you're only a quarter flash, you need to be at least half good.

— ROBERT VELLA

SYLVIA

Snapshot
(RCA)

Speaking generously, this album represents unrelenting cuteness on parade. Being honest, it is a waste of time. Indeed, if you don't instantly recognise the cough-medicine-sweet sounds of *Snapshot,* then you have no worries about a nuclear apocalypse. Because it means you've been residing in an impenetrable trench for the past decade.

For every musical style that has safely ridden the charts in recent times is attempted here. From West Coast to country and western, from the ballroom ballad to the bordello boogie, it is parody upon parody, plain upon plain.

The title track and "Jason" resplendent in mid-tempo, suburban anonymity try to win the listener through hummable, oft-repeated choruses. They succeed as well as any song in this caramel block. The mellow mood hovers on like smog on a still day with the simulated passion of "Tonight I'm Gettin' Friendly With The Blues".

If nothing else, this ballad serves to expose the limitations of Sylvia's voice — narrow ranged and blandly pop-orientated. Yet it's not all bad. Those American session musos, always ready to outstar the star, shoot off some tingling acoustics and cuddly percussion. "Winter Heart" continues the small talk against a big background.

It was only a matter of time before wretchedly sentimental violinists intruded into this cardiac affair. And sure enough they fill the emotional gaps left exposed by the wimpy lyrics of this nocturnal lullaby.

Just as sure as night follows day, funk follows slow romance. The boppy "Bobby's In Vicksburg" is very danceable and no more. Indeed it could be classified under "calculated snobbery". You can perceive the clicky-clack of silver spoons in the mouth when listening to its dizzy beat. Ditto for the drum-drowned, word-shallow "The Boy Gets Around".

One ballad on *Snapshot* does stick in the mind long after Sylvia is packed back into her drawers. That's the nostalgic "Gone But Not Forgotten". Music box manufacturers could do worse than check out its melodic brilliance. Add the silky strings and fragile, femme-fatale vocals and you've got the perfect song to orchestrate your every night move.

Snapshot is a safety-first disc of pure pop that won't insult anyone who likes music likeable and recognisable the first time around. Yet it will be less than pleasant listening for more discerning listeners who seek out adventure. For these restless sound, this *Snapshot* will be continuously out of focus.

— ROBERT VELLA

WAYLON JENNINGS

It's Only Rock 'n Roll
(RCA)

When Waylon Jennings was asked on prime time TV in Nashville why he quit pill popping he replied "they quit making any good ones."

At one stage — Waylon & Jessi Colter's *Denim And Lace* album — the same could almost be said about Jennings' records. But the former Crickets bassist has bounced back from financial and musical bankruptcy with his last two solo albums.

Black On Black paved the way for *It's Only Rock 'n Roll* which demonstrates the song writing prowess of fellow Texan Rodney Crowell. Crowell wrote the vitriolic title track about the avarice of motley music business manipulators. But when Crowell recorded the song, it lacked the bite ignited by Waylon's husky, world weary voice.

Jennings, 46, also includes Crowell's emotive "Angel Eyes" on his 42nd album whose real highlight is "Livin' Legends (A Dyin' Breed)."

Waylon lampoons the reactionary Nashville powerbrokers for ignoring George "no show" Jones until recent CMA Awards. Those sentiments are equally relevant to the insular Oz scene which has been slow to recognise its real talents.

He sings: *George Jones quit drinking and the CMA made him No 1 on their TV show/funny thing was he always was but they only discovered him a year ago."*

Waylon gently lampoons Shotgun Willie Nelson and Kristofferson for going to "Hollyweird" and Charlie Daniels for TV advertising.

He also spoofs David Allan Coe's eighties outlaw antics with *"about once a month we see a visit from big dad David Allan Coe/he comes to town to fight the system and double parks on Music Row."*

The singer's best barb is reserved for fading outlaw Johnny Paycheck whose child snatching is parodied with a Ralph Emery antique theft analogy.

Waylon concludes: *"I hope old Paycheck liked my song/because like him it's just a joke."* But the singer is humble enough for self parody when he sings: *"If I'd known I was going to live this long I would have taken better care of myself."*

Ironically, the first hit off this album was a tasteful revamp of "Lucille" — a 1959 rock smash for Little Richard. The album has already produced a third hit, "Breakin' Down". That depth flows to another Jennings original "Let Her Do The Walking" and the Randy Scruggs — Jennings tune "No Middle Ground."

There is little filler — not even Michael Smotherman's "Love's Legalities" and Mel Tillis's "Mental Revenge."

Only a medley of past hits, albeit an imaginative rehash, seems a waste.

— DAVID DAWSON

AGNETHA FALTSKOG

Wrap Your Arms Around Me
(CBS)

Blonde Agnetha takes times out from her Abba committments to release her first solo album in English with ace producer Mike Chapman.

I can't criticise the songs because she didn't write them (with one insubstantial exception called 'Man' — don't those Swedes just have a wonderful way with words!). I can't fault her on the production either or the musicianship or anything that actually goes toward making this LP sound the way it does because all she does is sing.

So what can you say about her voice other than it's fairly pleasant though pretty thin and undistinguished without Anni-Frid's harmony. That's a damning indictment of someone who has contributed to the acquisition of so many gold and platinum discs (so many that they can afford to use them as Frisbees), but it's a fact.

The market for this is already assured and the buyers won't be disappointed. Abba fans want to hear Agnetha sound like a quarter of Abba and that's the depressing part.

If she had taken this opportunity to stretch out, we may all have benefited but, as it is *Wrap Your Arms Around Me* ends up like fluffy sweet candyfloss.

— PAUL ROLAND

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DAVID NIVEN: From Hand Grenades To Hollywood

by Liz Breit

Gerard Garrett's book *The Films Of David Niven* is exellent advertising for Niven's own autobiography. It whets the appetite for more information about a man who may not have had an enormous impact on the movie industry, but certainly left a lasting impression on the audiences of many of his movies.

What Garrett's book does provide is an excellent filmography, and that is all. There is little personal detail.

Garrett covers his private life in a few paragraphs.

"While he was still an infant, his father had been killed fighting the Turks in the first World War. His mother married again, the politician Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt, and young David was despatched to boarding school, then to Stowe, and having selected the Army as a career, to Sandhurst. He was accepted into the Highland Light Infantry and, judging by his own account, found life for a young lieutenant in the British Army between the wars one long undergraduate jape.

"But it was unsatisfying enough for Niven to abandon it after only four years. Thus he was thrust back on the labor market with no particularly relevant qualification to offer commercial employers." His attempts to make his fortune, first in Canada and then in New York, were marked mainly by their oddity and originality rather than by their success.

"Finally he made the crucial decision to embark for California to offer himself to Hollywood with little doubt in his mind that they would jump at the offer."

Niven began his Hollywood career as an extra, playing a Mexican bandit, then various other types in many Hollywood westerns. It was his name, rather than his acting ability that helped him step the gap from being a Hollywood extra to a Hollywood actor.

Garrett writes, "He became caught up, in a party aboard one the ships of H.M.'s navy, in a publicity stunt on behalf of the first film version of *The Mutiny On The Bounty* and his name stuck in the mind of the producer, and Hollywood's founding father, Irving Thalberg. Thalberg thought it might be a further neat publicity gimmick to give Niven a tiny part in the film. The moment the news leaked out that Thalberg wanted Niven, other famous noses got the scent. Sam Goldwyn, not to be outdone by a rival, snapped up the astonished Niven and signed him up for seven years."

But, funnily enough, his first job was a walk-across screen part in *Without Regret*, on loan out to Paramount!

That was in 1935 and after a few minor roles, Niven was among the impressive cast of Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland and Donald Crisp to film his first epic, *The Charge Of The Light Brigade*. It was certainly Errol Flynn's vehicle but it was the type of part Niven needed to establish himself.

His first starring role was *Dinner At The Ritz* which was supposed to launch 20th Century's new star discovery from France, Annabella. By 1939, Niven found his own vehicle in *Dawn Patrol*. He starred with Errol Flynn again but the critics were kind:

"Errol Flynn has never done a better job than his portrait of the carefree, young lieutenant . . . David Niven is equally good as his happy-go-lucky friend. His clever changes of mood, from wild gaiety to agonised worry . . . prove him to be a deeply sensitive, natural actor.

While his career boasted early hits, there were the misses as well. *Perfect Marriage* with Loretta Young was one. One critic wrote tactfully, 'My strong regard for David Niven prompts me to say very little about *Perfect Marriage*.' And *Bonnie Prince Charlie* is tagged a millstone rather than a milestone in his career.

Garrett writes, "The actor certainly didn't want to make the picture but that was more for reasons of personal convenience than doubts about the enterprise. But soon after arriving from Hollywood he caught, as he wrote, the scent of disaster . . . *Bonnie Prince Charlie* may not, as some have claimed, be the greatest single disaster in the history of British films: among a number of contenders it is difficult to apportion correctly the dishonours, but it was certainly high on the list . . . time has made it the film industry's biggest joke."

The next year, 1949, *A Kiss In The Dark* again astounded critics and audiences. Garrett says, "The only thing the critics could do when faced with a thing like this was to shake their heads in disbelief while the fans just stayed away."

It was nearly ten years later that Niven played his Oscar winning role in *Separate Tables* with Deborah Kerr. Writes Garrett, "The film was a triumph for David Niven: the *Daily Herald* headlines its notice 'Niven's Masterpiece' and critic Andrew Carthew wrote: 'I knew I was seeing a piece of acting worth an Oscar — or, what is more valuable, the gratitude of the millions of people who will see this fine film'."

Niven won the Oscar for best actor and Garrett comments that he was the man Hollywood had written off only five years before. Niven was soon to follow that with *The Guns Of Navarone* which Garrett calls "a mammoth and spectacular production."

Garrett explains that the movie took two years to make and devoured — and earned — vast sums of money.

It seems to be each decade produces an excellent Niven movie and in between, products that everyone apologises for.

The 70's had *Paper Tiger*, which Niven saw as a family show and hoped it would compete with the reigning disaster films such as *Towering Inferno*. Garrett writes that it provided Niven with his best opportunity since *Seperate Tables*

It is with the movie, *Paper Tiger* in 1974 that Garrett's book finishes. His addendum states Niven was just completing a film for the Disney Studio when the book went to print and *Death By Murder* was his next project.

While not being complete as a filmography as much more can be added to Niven's career, the book is a good accompaniment to Niven's autobiography.

It is a fine tribute by Garrett to have left the private detailing of Niven's life to the man himself and just present a comprehensive and factual catalogue of his films

• The Films Of David Niven is published in Australia by Davis Publications and sells for the recommended retail price of $14.75.

• Niven accepts an Oscar for Separate Tables. He is pictured with Susan Hayward and Burl Ives.

• Niven shortly before he died.

BLADE RUNNER

Sandy Robertson feels the cutting edge of Canada's latest hard rock hero, BRYAN ADAMS

Bryan Adams says his dream back in his Canadian teen days was to be, along with writing partner Jim Vallance, part of new Lennon-McCartney hit machine.

Which makes the fact that his third LP *Cuts Like A Knife* has just gone platinum in the USA . . . well, a mere bonus, icing on the cake of congratulations.

Because the snap, crackle and rock anthems pumped out by Bryan and (nearly always) Jim have been covered fruitfully by a veritable Who's Who of modern pop: Meat Loaf, Kiss, Prism, Jeff Beck, Bonnie Tyler, Uriah Heep, Loverboy, BTO, Ian Lloyd and Bob Welch, to name a few beneficiaries.

Slumped jetlagged in my seat in Los Angeles' massive Forum, I find it hard to reconcile myself to two things. First, how can a guy wringing this kind of frantic response out of the crowd (and LA's supposed to be his *weakest* market, too) be playing supports? And to Barry Manilow soundalikes like Journey yet. The second problem is that Bryan don't look like no sensitive songwriter. He's a performer: leaping, twisting, coaxing, abusing . . .

Bryan bears a passing resemblance to *2001* star Keir Dulles. Apt, when you consider he's doing the kind of shows that could keep him famous till that year. Little, blonde and impish, he delights in being the focus of attention. Playing guitar, singing, even running into the very heart of the crowd when he thinks they're getting restless, the lithe little devil has a band that can do something for everyone.

Hell, the fretman even bungs in a short burst of Deep Purple axe heroics for the truly desperate to get off on. Not that it's needed; *Cuts Like A Knife* has a brace of tunes that either have been — or feel like they will be — thumping great hit singles in their very own right.

The next day, despite his flu, we took Bryan down to the beach for photo sessions where his offhand wit and genuine smile proved disarming, and like his music, near impossible not to succumb to.

Bryan is, in fact, of English stock although he was born in Ontario, Canada.

"My dad's in the military, so we moved from base to base. Dreadful job but someone's gotta do it. I bought my first guitar in the town of Reading (where the Adams started out from) when I was 12. Before that I wanted to be a drummer but my parents got me a drum kit that wasn't very expensive and I smashed it within a couple of days.

"My idol was Keith Moon back then, but I thought it'd be better if I channelled my musical endeavours into something a little more creative, so I've been playing guitar ever since."

A series of play-the-hits bands ensured during high school; when Bryan, at 17, announced he wanted to become a musician and his Major father threw a tantrum

"My father went *insane*", recalls Adams, looking a little sad at the memory. "He said I was a bloody beatnik, you know? Stiff upper lip man. I just did what John Lennon told me to do — grew my hair and played my guitar.

"My dad was a Major, so he wanted me to go to Sandhurst. He's kindda warming up to it now, but he doesn't have much choice. I couldn't care less *what* he thinks. I do what I do. He could never dictate to me, that's what drove him nuts. I was a really rebellious kid."

Of course, he *does* care. Universal problem.

Mum (as they always do) helped out and supported the lad for a couple of years till he began to do session work.

"I was doing any gig I could to get experience, and that's where I met my partner Jim Vallance. He was a drummer. We met one day in a music store when he was with this girlfriend of mine, and when we figured out that we were both big Beatles fans, we arranged to meet over a cup of tea next day. I really wanted to find out if he'd gone for the girl or not!"

Like Australian heavy rock acts, Canadian headbangers also whinge about how hard it is to get work and airplay because of the conservative media. Adams however, rejects that quickly.

"Bull! That's a lotta *shit*, that stuff. Anvil (Canadian HM band) told you that? I didn't know Anvil was Canadian! What it boils down to is this: if people like your music, then they're gonna play it, whether you're Canadian or Japanese, y'know?

"Everyone asks me the same question — 'how do you feel going into America from Canada, do you feel like the underdog?' I say no, because people are accepting the music, they like it! People are curious, because there hasn't been any Canadian solo rock singers up to now. They ask how I broke the barrier. I say 'the songs, man, the *songs*!"

Adams speaks with candour. While he cites the punch and raw edges of *Knife* as being the reason it has outsold his first two LPs, he adds "I'm not contradicting myself here, you *do* need the music first. But you really need the support of the record company, radio and a good tour. You need all those things to work for you. And this time they decide to do something with it, whereas up to now people have ignored us.

"One of the biggest things that helped me this year, though, was MTV, the music cable TV thing, in the aspect of being able to identify a face with a song, which is one of the hardest things to do. That's why bands like Culture Club have got it made, because Boy George has such a strong image as an individual that people can't help but take notice.

"So MTV has helped me a lot because I'm basically your meat and potatoes, nuts and bolts type of guy!"

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On Stage

Moving Pictures/Dragon/ Choirboys/Expression

Venue: Sydney Entertainment Centre

There is a right way to do it, and a wrong way. Moving Pictures might have headlined and had the rafters shaking when they took the stage, but it was still Dragon that delivered the powerful near-magical set.

Moving Pictures made me shift uncomfortably in my seat. Their American FM-orientated set consisted of impressive versions of their last two singles "Winners" and "Back To The Streets" but the rest was a cloying, hardly distinctive blur. The new material showcased highlighted the strengths and flaws of Moving Pictures, ranging from the impressive "Black To Blues And Booze Again" to the wincingly crass "Judo Intellectuals."

Frontman Alex Smith and the rest of the band put in an enthused performance although paradoxically, they lose me because they just try too hard, and at the same time, hardly compensated in the way they tried to inject a vitality the majority of the songs alone could not sustain. I went along prepared to be convinced; but the hard fought street romantic image that the band nurtured comfortably seems imperilled.

Dragon came across far more effectively: with a casual exterior that hardly hit their impressive skill as musicians, entertainers and songwriters, they started on a high note with "Are You Old Enough" and maintained the momentum right through. An ace up their sleeve as a live entity is Marc Hunter's uncanny ability to feel out the pulse of an audience, treating them either with venom or conjuring up a warm, even impish, rapport. This show, he pulled out the charm, and touched every heart.

Dragon's set was familiar but played with a flair that dispelled any notions of cabaret. From the poignant elegance of "Sunshine" to the leering stomp of "Bob's Budgie Boogie" with vocals on the latter by guitarist Robert Taylor, the interacting chemistry of the music and glorious vocal line remained intact.

Taylor's jazz/funk guitar inflections dotted the band's signature sound, and Mark Kennedy sitting in for the ailing Kerry Jacobsen, picked up his cues expertly.

The current "Rain" came complete with glowing delivery and reception and the forthcoming "Magic", with its understated verse and strong hook, substantiated that there's more strong songs coming and that the next LP is going to be quite impressive. If this Dragon lineup doesn't crack the States, there's no hope for anyone.

Musically, Choirboys provided few surprises but the set was surprisingly strong. A few rough edges only creased the intensity, and Mark Gable, ever the extrovert showman, bellowed himself hoarse and demanded the audience loosen up. Abandoning his guitar to assist in his manoeuvres, he paced the stage, dragging the microphone, the spotlight with him. They disappointed few and seemed to recruit new fans.

The Expression go midway through a comfortable line of melodic pop and artistic pretensions. Since they burst on the scene playing a set that included a cover of Lennon's psychedelic "Tomorrow Never Knows", they always seemed destined to go far. They're tight, capable and, like the best of bands, use instantly appealing songs like "With Closed Eyes" and "Decisions" to open the door for the more esoteric and eccentric essence of their creativity. As always, an interesting act.

— MURRAY ENGELHEART

Rainbow/Lita Ford

Venue: Michael Sobell, Sports Centre, London

Some people just don't know when to quit. By rights, Ritchie Blackmore should have left the sweat to dry on his Strat years ago. He should have gracefully made way for the flash young guitar boys. In the most self congratulatory business in the world, he'd done enough to rest on his laurels. But 1983 brings the obligatory album and tour, and I'm cynical about it.

Raunchy Lita Ford, the self-proclaimed 'heavy metal in the Runaways', was stormin' through her set when we arrived. I was immediately reminded of being talked at by a drooling American A&R man: 'We're gonna put this photo of her on the front of the album — black stockings, leather leotard, everything. We figure every teenage boy is gonna wanna get off on her.

I didn't get off on her tonight. Tight, shiny trousers and sharp looking guitars do not rock and roll make, especially if the audible result is bad.

And when hard rockin' Lita announced her last song, the crowd went crazy. "What?" she grinned. But I think she realised that she hadn't made the grade.

So far the cynicism is well-founded, but not Rainbow-related. However, from the opening strains of 'Land Of Hope and Glory' and the cut from The Wizard Of Oz ("I think we must be over the rainbow . . . rainbow . . . rainbow"), there was no place for it. Reasons follow.

I've never heard Blackmore play better guitar than he did tonight. He wrung notes out of his instrument, sweet and clear, and then shook his left hand as if discarding them to the floor. It was those delightful touches, the liquid ease of the blues run, the laconic omission of the odd lead riff, the way he shot his sleeves before coaxing breathless scurries of notes from the guitar — it was those touches of real genius that made the evening fully worth it.

While fellow axe BOFs are jamming the roof off the Albert Hall, Blackmore surrounds himself with what seems to be just another faceless parade of LA sessionmen. But pointed comments aside, they looked like a group tonight.

My single grudge is held up against their (albeit seemingly impromptu) version of 'Hey Joe', during which Joe Lynn Turner hammed it up far too much and ended up enacting a mawkish tribute to Hendrix . . . but in the heat of the moment, anything can happen.

Whether it was the man in black who created the atmosphere or whether it was just one of those rare occasions when the band truly rise to it (the occasion), I don't know, but from 'Spotlight Kid' to 'Long Live Rock And Roll' and 'Smoke On The Water' (Black Sabbath??) Rainbow were on top.

Dave Lee Roth once said 'All the guitar heroes of the Seventies are dead.' Nonsense. This one isn't even breathing hard.

— JAY WILLIAMS

Au Go Go Records presents "The Scientists" On their only Melb date at the Seaview Ballroom Sat Oct. 8 a giveaway record
"Olympic Sideburns" & "Lynching Party"
"Ghost Train" supports
released not available commercially. "When World's Collide"

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Howard Jones

Manchester

The new 'multi-audience' policy at the Hacienda could well prove to be the club's lifesaver. A highly commendable move but one which does tend to promote a certain confusion. Friday nights are generally reserved for Greg Wilson's superb funk/disco roadshow but tonight the format is pushed aside in favour of OMD.

Certainly, a weird evening. Some kind of hip rumour gives us a pre-gig Sixties revival disco. I find it embarrassingly easy to get to the bar. Considering that OMD are playing a 'try out' gig in a small venue, the crowd is oddly sparse. Such is the cruel cycle of the pop world.

Something tedious is happening over in the corner. A t-shirt stand heavily engaged in the promotion of the support act, Howard Jones. Yesterday the Marquee, today the Hacienda. Howard Jones supplies us with a tedious drone from a synth while a mime artist impersonates a Zulu wardance onstage. The effect is numbing in the worst possible sense of the word.

OMD bravely ignore the lack of crowd numbers. Sheer power, supplied by the immense PA, blows the Howard Jones set way back into the memory as continuous drum machine breaks snap away like a burst of firing sten guns. It's been a long journey for OMD: from the nervous early outings at the Russell Club (where their show consisted of a tape recorder and two fluorescent lights) to the massive technical extravaganzas paid for by a string of excellent hit singles, to this . . . - playing now to a smaller audience that at the Russell Club.

But playing with expertise and confidence. OMD punching their way through a set of bleached white, soulless disco saved, as always, by meanderinv, passionate vocals: the 'Joan Of Arc' technique. Meaningless lyrical statements cleverly twisted into sentiment by McCluskey's soaring vocals.

Ths method, equalled only by Ultravox on 'Vienna', still works to great effect on the newer material, proving to me anyway, that OMD have further chart mileage ahead of them. Their only fault is when they allow their desire to display cleverness to overthrow the simplicity of the songwriting.

None of the new songs make a lasting impression although a true judgement would be unfair after one, extremely loud, hearing. Somewhere though, beneath the sound barrier, lie a number of potential 'Joan Of Arc's. I lie in wait, content for this evening to bounce along and absorb myself in the brilliant white light.

Professionalism is the word; soul isn't OMD, rich Wirrallites to the end, are crafty little buggers and I'm certainly not about to cast them away into a sea of former glory. Watch them.

— MICK MIDDLES

Rockwords

T	L	I	S	S	L	Y	T	R	A	P	N	E	D	R	A	G
L	P	B	O	P	E	N	H	E	A	I	T	E	D	R	E	E
O	I	O	P	H	A	M	S	L	L	I	R	F	O	N	V	A
T	G	E	U	R	P	R	M	C	U	R	E	C	Y	E	R	E
O	P	H	N	B	L	R	K	E	W	H	K	E	R	B	E	F
M	O	T	C	S	L	E	E	S	F	I	S	Y	E	L	R	I
A	B	L	H	T	A	E	E	T	T	T	B	Z	A	T	S	R
K	C	A	T	S	C	T	I	H	T	O	N	T	S	E	E	E
A	A	E	H	I	C	A	H	N	D	Y	S	E	M	E	Y	O
S	N	H	E	T	M	C	A	Y	P	R	M	A	L	O	N	F
I	T	L	C	N	W	O	S	G	E	A	N	A	C	O	O	L
H	H	A	L	E	C	R	R	T	N	E	R	C	I	O	I	O
C	E	T	O	I	O	E	N	T	M	M	M	A	L	D	V	V
I	C	E	C	C	A	I	I	L	A	N	R	G	D	T	A	E
U	A	M	K	S	W	C	L	M	A	I	I	G	N	I	T	S
Y	N	I	E	A	S	A	A	V	B	A	D	B	O	Y	S	S
R	N	A	M	H	C	I	R	N	A	H	T	A	N	O	J	E

compiled by Linda Packham

The words below appear in the puzzle horizontally, vertically, diagonally and backwards. Circle each letter of the words and the remaining letters will spell the mystery word.

Avion
A Winter's Tale
Bad Boys
Bop Girl
Call Me Names
Can The Can
Cure
C.W. McCall
Everybody's Rockin'
Fire Of Love
Garden Party
Grease
Igloo
Jonathan Richman
Mama
Metal Health
No Frills
Open Hearted
Pretty Maid
Punch The Clock
Rockit
Ryuichi Sakamoto
Scientists
Semantics
Sparks
Sting
Taco
Trouble In Paradise
Van McCoy
Violent Femmes
Yes
Zebra

CLUE: Kim Carnes' Flashdance effort.

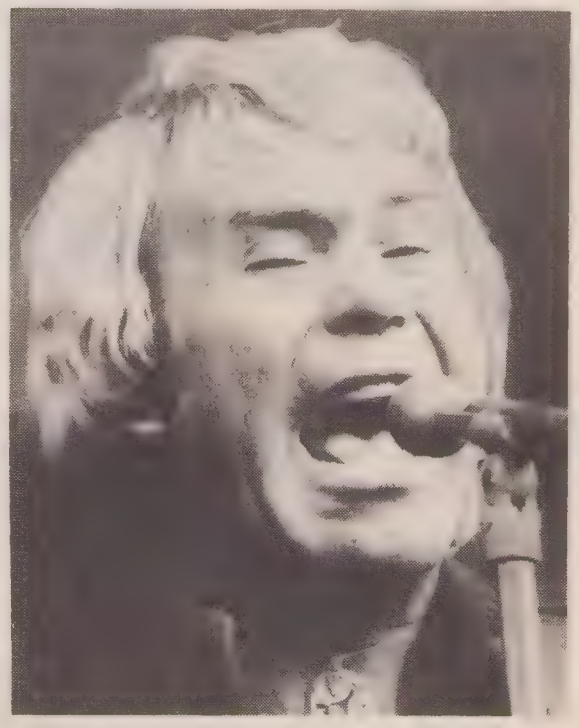
Milestones

October 3
1938: Eddie Cochran is born
1967: Woody Guthrie dies of Huntington's Disease.

October 4
1924: Charlton Heston is born in Illinois
1929: Leroy Van Dyke is born in Missouri
1944: Patti Labelle is born
1970: Janis Joplin dies in Hollywood of a heroin overdose

October 5
1923: Actress Glynis Johns is born
1941: Chubby Checker is born
1943: Steve Miller is born in Dallas, Texas

October 6
1906: Janet Gaynor is born in Philadelphia
1908: Carole Lombard is born in Indiana
1978: Johnny O'Keefe dies of a heart attack



October 7
1917: June Allyson is born in New York City

October 8
1936: David Carradine is born in Hollywood
1941: George Bellamy of The Tornadoes is born
1966: Brian Cadd joins The Groop

October 9
1940: John Lennon is born in Liverpool
1944: The Who's John Entwistle is born in West London
1948: Jackson Browne is born in West Germany

On Stage

John Cale/ Jonathan Richman

Venue: Capitol Theatre, Sydney

It was a quick lesson that Adult Orientated Rock did not have to be limp, directionless or wallowing in despair and nostalgia.

John Cale's music marries maturity and sharpened observation with the power and torment that inspired him to produce his seminal earlier works.

Looking sharp in tailored suit and shades, Cale alternated between piano and guitar and pulled in an emotionally exhausting set. His solo sets are a totally different entity to those with his band; when I caught him in London a few months ago, it was obvious that he's realised the strengths and limitations of both and capitalised on them.

While the 'band' sets extend his concept with far greater punch and fireworks, his solo appearances allowed him greater flexibility in skimming through his vast repertoire, while allowing him to accentuate the cataclysmic isolation and occasional terror of his *Music For A New Society* album.

Cale's attitude gives his work its credibility: he walked on stage with a definite chip on his shoulder, and right from "Ghost Story" and "Ship Of Fools" ensured he was going to grab his audience by their collective collar and unpleasantly hurl abuse at them. One of the highlights of the night was "Cable Hogue" with its theme of insanity in which a screaming Cale provided the appropriate soundtrack.

When Cale returns next year (as he announced himself) with his band, the message will take on a much different slant, particularly if guitarist David Young accompanies him. Young approaches his delivery with the same intensity and madness which make songs like "Praetorian Underground" and "Chinese Envoy" positively explode with intent.

Not that it detracts from his solo shows, a cover of Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel" not only took on a new perspective with its tinkling late night mood but manifested the question: is that the way Presley himself would have delivered it if he hadn't ended up on such a destructive course? Cale even managed to inject the other cover, "Waiting For The Man" with as much paranoia as "Magazine & Guns" or "Fear", his most frightening numbers.

Jonathan Richman wasn't quite the eccentric genius but equally as enthralling. He harks back to the days when many of the things of the early Seventies were despised — simple strumalong songs, childish lyrics, a aw-shucks-what-am-I--doing here delivery. Of course, the success of Aztec Camera and Farmers Boys on the inner city circuit has paved the way for his greater acceptance.

However, the persona put forward was tougher, ranging from his R&B inspirations like "Hang On Sloopy" and "Louie Louie" to hard edged, well-known numbers like "Cream Man" (done a couple of times), "Egyptian Reggae" to previews of his new LP which ranged from in depth agonisings to silly superficialities like "Little Dinosaur".

— PETER WALSH

No Nonsense

Venue: Cross Keys, Melbourne

No Nonsense's etiquette quotient is so low they'd probably have trouble getting into McDonalds. My guess is that despite the ferocious in-group bantering and street corner yahoo image, they're nice guy homebodies, not adverse to helping lil' old boilers across the street.

Seven or eight of them crowd onstage, giving the impression that they've only this moment come together in a fortunate state of spontaneous combustion.

This is a packed house; most of their shows of late tend to be. The obvious reason is that from the word go, the party swings — both onstage and off. While the band generally tends to remain anonymous, centre stage is dancer/singer Dicky Diver who bags full share of constant one liners, put downs and home-brewed observations. Also, he's the one that the kids on the dance floor watch continuously; every time he changes his whacky dance step, they follow suit. This is Australian tribalism in motion, via the London East End.

Much of No Nonsense's set is concerned with pacey ska workouts like "Snakes And Ladders" and "Fun Tonight". The vocals tend to be fairly monotonous chants which go well with a certain non-coiffure faction but wouldn't bring home the bacon in the vinyl stakes.

Of late, they've injected more pop commercially into the proceedings. Where the original material seemed one ska-blur lacking variety except when the brass section or guitarist stepped in for break, the originals seem to show a bit more concern for structure and melody. If the band wants to make the high stakes in the chart world, then there's a lot more work to be done. But generally, their covers like "Montego Bay" slips in easily with the more commercially outings like "My Dad" and "Rockabilly Queen".

What more can one say? One of the bigger live acts around Melbourne without a hit record, it's obvious that the party atmosphere is bringing the people out in droves. Even if, at times the substance of their repertoire doesn't match the 3-D comic strip visuals, it doesn't matter much with No Nonsense.

If your tastes lean to continuous low-life partying wearing the face of a steambath attendant, then see them.

— PHIL SEGARINI

• *Pic by Bob King*

K. C. & The Sunshine Band

Venue: Twins Towns Club, Tweeds Head

KC & the Sunshine Band once sang "great" songs like "That's The Way I Like It" and "Shake Your Booty". They were great because, despite their seemingly lyrical dumbness, they said things that young people could easily understand and relate to.

You could dance to them, and Harry Casey had such an INFECTIOUS voice that he made singing them sound like the easiest thing in the world.

Although this was his first visit to Australia, it's obvious KC is adept at shuffling his well thumbed (if somewhat neglected in this country) pack of assets into the most suitable permutation for any venue.

He's flexible enough to ease himself to audience demands, and obviously he'll be just as welcome for his second — or twelfth or nineteenth — visit. He doesn't have hits, but he'll be on the club circuit for a long time.

The Sunshine Band — three percussionists, three guitarists, two saxaphones, two vocalists, a keyboardsplayer and brass — flung themselves into the tunes with great enthusiasm, hamming it up considerably, much to the delight of the assembled. Certainly they knew how to entice the female element in the audience, with the result there were quite a few of them losing their cool, loudly whistling and screaming.

KC himself exhibited the cheery confidence of a man who knows all the right moves and still enjoys making them, juggling his past ("Boogie Man", "That's The Way", "Shake Your Booty" etc) with recent numbers like "Give It Up" "Same Old Song" and "You said You'd Gimme Some More" without dropping a brick. He got into a lot of audience contact, hauled punters onto the stage to join in the chorus and allowed themselves to loon away to their heart's content.

Generally, he got as much out of his show as the paying public. An evening with KC & the Sunshine Band is like sitting in on an old pals reunion party. They may not be your idea of a good time, but it'll do me, oh, once every two or three years.

— PETER EDMANDS

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Feedback

Image is used against us

I would like to reply to, and share my thoughts, concerning Mr Peter Walton of Canberra's letter in *Feedback*. Mainly because it started me thinking upon the relationship between Music and Money.

I do believe Mr Walton's bitterness is misdirected; and while I could never quite consider Spandau Ballet as a vision "of an interesting culture or subculture" I think they illustrate very well the way The Music Industry soaks up genuine musical development and turns it into a Market. This is an unfortunate by-product of the capitalist society, no less!!

It can be noted that Mr Walton appears to be referring to Spandau Ballet the Image, and says little of their music. "Image" is a marketing term, a selling point, and as such, I rather suspect the Spandaus not so much as having "sold out", rather as having been sold perse!

The Industry having encountered something "indigestible" has made peace with its stomach by enveloping previously indigestible material into its mainstream. So instead of the alternative, we have an unthreatening and "dull and useless part of the establishment".

Hey, it's happened before, baby, it'll happen again! And as a dyed-in-the-wool rock fan, I too have been really offended by such manipulations. I get so sick of it, that I have to listen to music that pure, even then the doubt always lingers. I listen to jazz, classical, anything that's untouched (too much) by the Big $.

I find I must listen to music that is so Alternative that the alternatives think of it as alternative, or make my own. And I remember artists who extend themselves in their art often are labelled self indulgent and/or boring. This is sometimes true, sometimes it's a simple rejection, an ability within the industry to react to such music in a receptive and genuine way . . . f..k, it's an art, you silly buggers!

It can also be noted that the inability on the part of fans to come to terms with a band's rise to stardom and glory. I wonder how Mr Walton would react if Spandau Ballet made the pots of gold they are presumably making, yet still held "True" to their cheap-clothes-but-look-flash maxim. This would appear to me at least as being incredibly pretentious and not a little mercenary.

There are noises being made out there, rock band noises which are interesting and genuine, and I think it's time we rock fans outgrew our outmoded ideas of Music relating to Image, because Image is being used against us, our own identity is being sold back to us, and in a real way it's us who are being sold as well, and I'm tired of seeing something that I love being abused this way, and I do believe Mr Walton is too . . .

Tony Evans
Heathmont, Vic

• **SPANDAU BALLET . . . they didn't sell out. They were sold.**

OILS THE LATEST TALL POPPIES

After reading the Midnight Oil gig review (issue 436) I felt like getting on my knees and praying that Mr Peter La Franchie Esq. will some time in his journalistic career write a proper gig review.

I'm really starting to believe the saying that once a band has made it big in Australia, everyone starts to knock them. The Oils seem to be the band copping it at the moment, just because they are at a peak. But La Franchi is smart: he figured out the way to criticise the band was not to criticise them directly but get at their audience. How low can you get?

I feel his comments about "whoever jumps the highest is obviously Midnight Oil's greatest fan" was one of the most ridiculous things I've ever read. He also said that "how can a person listen to what the band is saying if they totally freak out". The load of cow manure could only apply to people whose ears close up when they start dancing and I don't think there is (sic) too many people around like that.

When he said "advertising billed the concert as *10,9,8* etc and that's all we heard" he answered his own question. It was a *10,9,8*, etc concert because the Oils have gained thousands of new fans because of the album and that's what they want to hear. They don't want to hear songs that they don't know, they want to hear the "greatest hits", as La Franchi put it.

If the Oils played a whole bunch of new songs, people would've been disappointed. The Oils now fit into the "megastars" category in Australia, whether they like it or not, and they are still putting on top performances, so I don't think they are "resting on their laurels".

Angie Vigilante
Fawkner, Vic

Give Abba the clap they deserve

I do not think it was very "funny" that Rowan Atkinson is a self confessed Abba fan".

That is not unusual in the least to anyone with a sense of musical taste, or with a sense of what is popular and what is not. Sure, I know they're not popular in Australia and that it's trendy to make jokes about them. What I can't understand is, why don't you make fun of pathetic bands like Cold Chisel or the Angels who, for the uninformed, aren't known anywhere except Australia? Last year, when I visited America, Europe and Japan, everyone knew and respected Abba.

This fact alone proves their great popularity across the world. Just look at the latest *Guinness Book Of Records* — they're as successful, if not more so, than the Beatles. I don't think that's "funny". A group who has sold over 60 million albums and 90 million singles in over 120 countries across the globe cannot be something that's "funny '.

Would you make fun of Cold Chisel if they could even come close to these sales figures? I think not — it's 'big news", when they sell 10,000 records, let alone MILLIONS! Wake up, *Juke!* Get your priorities right. It might be "funny" to like Abba here, but you'd certainly be a fish out of water overseas.

The really "funny" thing is that Cold Chisel or the Angels aren't even known anywhere else except here — I think that says something about your ridiculous and cliched attitude towards nondescripts like Cold Chisels and Angels. All I ask for is you to show some respect — they deserve it here just as much as they do overseas.

Michael Kyriagis
Clontarf, NSW

• **Abba's Bjorn pictured with an ardent fan**

We Hadly see the point

The other day I was walking along the beach and I came across a giant Tony Hadly sunning itself. I turned to my mummy and said "can I touch it" and she replied "no, dear, the dullness rubs off on you."

Franko,
Vineyard, NSW

• Hmmm, a direct steal from a Hawkeye versus Frank Burns scene on M.A.S.H. but funny enough nevertheless.

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